

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1886.

NO. 2.

[Copyright, 1886, by THE CENTURY CO.]

IN CHRISTMAS SEASON, LONG AGO.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

"DEAR COUSIN *Jack*,—

Pray come to spend
The Holly-days with your true Friend,
In Hopes that Weather will permit.
To your good Parents Pa has writ,
And you, and *Ned*, and *Frank* can ride
Your Poneys by the Chariot's side.

"I am desired to say that *Nan*
Expects much Sport with Cousin *Fan*.
She has a Doll from London Town,
With an Egret, and Tabby Gown.
She is so proud! but, *Jack*, we Boys
Can think of better Things than Toys.

"*Hal* begs his Love. Pray answer quick.
Your faithfull loving

COUSIN *Dick*.

"P. S.—There came gilt Ginger-bread
From England in a Box; for *Ned*
There 's a Dragoon, for *Francis*, too;
But, *Jack*, I 'll save *King George* for you!"

The yellowed letter,—so it runs,
Oft read by sons and sons of sons.

Above the formal sheet, outspread,
Dick bent his curly, ribboned head,
With tight-grasped goose-quill moving slow,
That Christmas season, long ago.

'T was sealed and sent; one must confess,
Ill sealed,—a finger burnt, I guess!
Black Pompey rode 'twixt kith and kin,
With ebon face and ivory grin,

To bear such letters to and fro,
In Christmas season, long ago.

Our fancy paints the Yule-tide sport
At hospitable Holly Court;
How *Dick*, and *Nan*, and *Harry* ran
To welcome *Ned*, and *Frank*, and *Fan*,
And *Jack*, with apple cheeks aglow,—
In Christmas season, long ago.

What mirthful games! what generous cheer!
What sirloins huge! what cider clear!
What "puddens,"—*Dicky* spelled it thus,—
What nut-brown turkeys odorous!
What big mince-pies in spicy row,—
In Christmas season, long ago!

As 'round the hearth the circle smiled,
What log fires roared 'neath mantels tiled,
Where, figuring forth the Scripture tale,
Blue *Jonah* fed the azure whale!
What singing sounds! what genial glow!
In Christmas season, long ago.

What stories, told, as snug they sat,
By Cousin *This* or Uncle *That*!
Till *Dicky* vowed to go to sea,
But *Jack* a soldier bold would be,
Fight for the King, and make a show
In scarlet coat,—long, long ago!

All passed, like scenes in shifting fire:
And sailor *Dick* grew up a squire;
While (strange the change the swift years bring!)
Bold *Jack* fell fighting 'gainst the King.

All vanished, like the melting snow
Of Christmas season, long ago.



BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

ONCE upon a time, in the days of the fairies, there was in the far west country a kingdom which was called by the name of Stumpinghame. It was a rather curious country in several ways. In the first place, the people who lived there thought that Stumpinghame was all the world; they thought there was no world at all outside of Stumpinghame. And they thought that the people of Stumpinghame knew everything that could possibly be known, and that what they did not know was of no consequence at all.

One idea common in Stumpinghame was really very unusual indeed. It was a peculiar taste in the matter of feet. In Stumpinghame the larger a person's feet were, the more beautiful and elegant he or she was considered; and the more aristocratic and nobly born a man was, the more immense were his feet. Only the very lowest and most vulgar persons were ever known to have small feet. The King's feet were simply huge; so were the Queen's; so were those of the young princes and princesses. It had never occurred to any one that a member of such a royal family could possibly disgrace himself by being born with small feet. Well, you may imagine, then, what a terrible and humiliating state of affairs arose when there was born into that royal family a little son, a prince, whose feet were so very small and slender and delicate that they would have been considered small even in other places than Stumpinghame. Grief and confusion seized the entire nation. The Queen fainted six times a day; the King had black rosettes fastened upon his crown; all the flags were at half-mast; and the court went into the deepest mourning. There had been born to Stumpinghame a royal prince with small feet, and nobody knew how the country could survive it!

Yet the disgraceful little prince survived it and did not seem to mind it at all. He was the prettiest and best-tempered baby the royal nurse had ever seen. But for his small feet, he would have been the flower of the family. The royal nurse said so herself, and privately told his little royal highness's chief bottle-washer that she "never see a hinfant as took notice so, and sneezed as hintelligent." But of course the King and Queen could see nothing but his little feet, and very soon they made up their minds to send him away. So one day they had him bundled up and carried where they thought he might be quite forgotten. They sent him to the hut of a swineherd who lived deep, deep in a great forest which seemed to end nowhere.

They gave the swineherd some money, and some clothes for Fairyfoot, and told him that if he would take care of the child, they would send money and clothes every year. As for themselves, they only wished to be sure of never seeing Fairyfoot again.

This pleased the swineherd well enough. He was poor, and he had a wife and ten children, and hundreds of swine to take care of, and he knew he could use the little prince's money and clothes for his own family, and no one would find it out. So he let his wife take the little fellow, and as soon as the King's messengers had gone, the woman took the royal clothes off the Prince and put on him a coarse little night-gown, and gave all his things to her own children. But the baby prince did not seem to mind that—he did not seem to mind anything, even that he had no name but Prince Fairyfoot, which had been given him in contempt by the disgusted courtiers. He grew prettier and prettier every day, and long before

the time when other children begin to walk, he could run about on his fairy feet.

The swineherd and his wife did not like him at all; in fact, they disliked him because he was so much prettier and so much brighter than their own clumsy children. And the children did not like him because they were ill-natured and only liked themselves.

So as he grew older year by year, the poor little prince was more and more lonely. He had no one to play with, and was obliged to be always by himself. He dressed only in the coarsest and roughest clothes; he seldom had enough to eat, and he slept on straw in a loft under the roof of the swineherd's hut. But all this did not prevent his being strong and rosy and active. He was as fleet as the wind, and he had a voice as sweet as a bird's; he had lovely sparkling eyes, and bright golden hair; and he had so kind a heart that he would not have done a wrong or cruel thing for the world. As soon as he was big enough, the swineherd made him go out into the forest every

off; and when they ran away, they ran so fast, and through places so tangled, that it was almost impossible to follow them.

The forest in which he had to spend the long days was a very beautiful one, however, and he could take pleasure in that. It was a forest so great that it was like a world in itself. There were in it strange, splendid trees, the branches of which interlocked overhead, and when their many leaves moved and rustled, it seemed as if they were whispering secrets. There were bright, swift, strange birds, that flew about in the deep golden sunshine, and when they rested on the boughs, they too seemed telling one another secrets. There was a bright, clear brook, with water as sparkling and pure as crystal, and with shining shells and pebbles of all colors lying in the gold and silver sand at the bottom. Prince Fairyfoot always thought the brook knew the forest's secret also and sang it softly to the flowers as it ran along. And as for the flowers, they were beautiful; they grew as thickly as if they had been a carpet, and under them was another carpet of lovely green moss. The trees and the birds, and the brook and the flowers, were Prince Fairyfoot's friends. He loved them, and never was very lonely when he was with them; and if his swine had not run away so often, and if the swineherd had not beaten him so much, sometimes—indeed, nearly all summer—he would have been almost happy. He used to lie on the fragrant carpet of flowers and moss, and listen to the soft sound of the running water, and to the whispering of the waving leaves, and to the songs of the birds; and he would wonder what they were saying to one another, and if it were true, as the swineherd's children said, that the great forest was full of fairies. And then he would pretend it was true, and would tell himself stories about them, and make believe they were his friends, and that they came to talk to him and let him love them. He wanted to love something or somebody, and he had nothing to love—not even a little dog.

One day he was resting under a great green tree, feeling really quite happy because everything was so beautiful. He had even made a little song to chime in with the brook's, and he was singing it softly and sweetly, when suddenly, as he lifted his curly, golden head to look about him, he saw that all his swine were gone. He sprang to his feet, feeling very much frightened, and he whistled and called, but he heard nothing. He could not imagine how they all could have disappeared so quietly, without making any sound; but not one of them was anywhere to be seen. Then his poor little heart began to beat fast with trouble and anxiety. He ran here and there; he looked through the bushes and under the trees;



THE SWINEHERD IS WELL PLEASED TO RECEIVE THE LITTLE PRINCE AND THE MONEY.

day to take care of the swine. He was obliged to keep them together in one place, and if any of them ran away into the forest, Prince Fairyfoot was beaten. And as the swine were very wild and unruly, he was very often beaten, because it was almost impossible to keep them from wandering

he ran, and ran, and ran, and called, and whistled, and searched; but nowhere — nowhere was one of those swine to be found! He searched for them for hours, going deeper and deeper into the forest than he had ever been before. He saw strange trees and strange flowers, and heard strange sounds, and at last the sun began to go down and he knew he would soon be left in the dark. His little feet and legs were scratched with brambles, and were so tired that they would scarcely carry him; but he dared not go back to the swineherd's hut without finding the swine. The only comfort he had on all the long way was that the little brook had run by his side and sung its song to him; and sometimes he had stopped and bathed his hot face in it, and had said, "Oh, little brook, you are so kind to me! You are my friend, I know. It would be so lonely without you!"

When, at last, the sun did go down, Prince Fairyfoot had wandered so far that he did not know where he was, and he was so tired that he threw himself down by the brook, and hid his face in the flowery moss, and said: "Oh, little brook, I am so tired I can go no further! And I can never find them!"

While he was lying there in despair, he heard a sound in the air above him, and looked up to see what it was. It sounded like a little bird in some trouble. And surely enough, there was a huge hawk darting after a plump little brown bird with a red breast. The little bird was uttering sharp, frightened cries, and Prince Fairyfoot felt so sorry for it that he sprang up and tried to drive the hawk away. The little bird saw him at once, and straightway flew to him, and Fairyfoot covered it with his cap. And then the hawk flew away in a great rage.

When the hawk was gone, Fairyfoot sat down again and lifted his cap, expecting, of course, to see the brown bird with the red breast. But, instead of a bird, out stepped a little man, not much higher than your little finger — a plump little man in a brown suit with a bright red vest, and with a cocked hat on.

"Why!" exclaimed Fairyfoot, "I'm surprised!"

"So am I!" said the little man, cheerfully. "I never was more surprised in my life, except when my great-aunt's grandmother got into such a rage, and changed me into a robin-redbreast. I tell you, that surprised me!"

"I should think it might," said Fairyfoot. "Why did she do it?"

"Mad," answered the little man. "That was what was the matter with her. She was always losing her temper like that, and turning people into awkward things, and then being sorry for it,

and not being able to change them back again. If you are a fairy, you have to be careful. If you'll believe me, that woman once turned her second cousin's sister-in-law into a mushroom, and somebody picked her and she was made into catsup — which is a thing no man likes to have happen in his family."

"Of course not," said Fairyfoot, politely.

"The difficulty is," said the little man, "that some fairies don't graduate. They learn how to turn people into things, but they don't learn how to unturn them; and then, when they get mad in their families, — you know how it is about getting mad in families, — there is confusion. Yes, seriously, confusion arises. It arises. That was the way with my great-aunt's grandmother. She was not a cultivated old person, and she did not know how to unturn people, and now you see the result. Quite accidentally I trod on her favorite corn; she got mad and changed me into a robin and regretted it ever afterward. I could only become myself again by a kind-hearted person's saving me from a great danger. You are that person. Give me your hand."

Fairyfoot held out his hand. The little man looked at it.

"On second thought," he said, "I can't shake it — it's too large. I'll sit on it, and talk to you."

With these words, he hopped upon Fairyfoot's hand, and sat down, smiling and clasping his own hands about his tiny knees.

"I declare, it's delightful not to be a robin," he said. "Had to go about picking up worms, you know. Disgusting business. I always did hate worms. I never ate them myself — I drew the line there; but I had to get them for my family."

Suddenly he began to giggle, and to hug his knees up tight.

"Do you wish to know what I'm laughing at?" he asked Fairyfoot.

"Yes," Fairyfoot answered.

The little man giggled more than ever.

"I'm thinking about my wife," he said — "the one I had when I was a robin. A nice rage she'll be in when I don't come home to-night! She'll have to hustle around and pick up worms for herself, and for the children, too — and it serves her right. She had a temper that would embitter the life of a crow — much more a simple robin. I wore myself to skin and bone taking care of her and her brood, and how I did hate 'em! — bare, squawking things, always with their throats gaping open. They seemed to think a parent's sole duty was to bring worms for them."

"It must have been unpleasant," said Fairyfoot.

"It was more than that," said the little man.

"It used to make my feathers stand on end. There was the nest, too! Fancy being changed into a robin, and being obliged to build a nest at a moment's notice! I never felt so ridiculous in my life. How was I to know how to build a nest! And the worst of it was the way she went on about it."

"She?" said Fairyfoot.

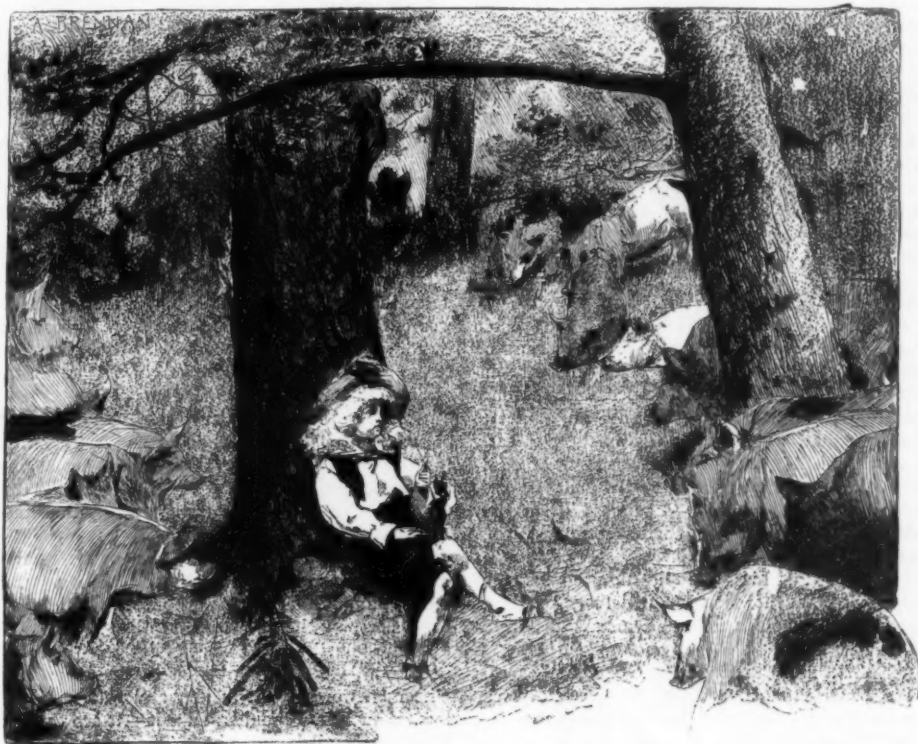
"Oh, her, you know," replied the little man, ungrammatically; "my wife. She'd always been

"Oh, no," answered the little man. "I meant that it nearly killed me to think the eggs were n't in it at the time."

"What did you do about the nest?" asked Fairyfoot.

The little man winked in the most improper manner.

"Do?" he said. "I got mad, of course, and told her that if she had n't interfered, it would n't have happened; said it was exactly like a hen to fly



"THE NEXT INSTANT THE DROVE OF SWINE CAME TEARING THROUGH THE BUSHES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

a robin, and she knew how to build a nest; she liked to order me about, too: she was one of that kind. But, of course, I was n't going to own that I did n't know anything about nest-building; I could never have done anything with her in the world, if I'd let her think she knew as much as I did. So I just put things together in a way of my own, and built a nest that would have made you weep! The bottom fell out of it the first night. It nearly killed me."

"Did you fall out, too?" inquired Fairyfoot.

around giving advice and unsettling one's mind, and then complain if things were n't right. I told her she might build the nest herself, if she thought she could build a better one. She did it, too!" And he winked again.

"Was it a better one?" asked Fairyfoot.

The little man actually winked a third time. "It may surprise you to hear that it was," he replied; "but it did n't surprise me. By the bye," he added, with startling suddenness, "what's your name and what's the matter with you?"

"My name is Prince Fairyfoot," said the boy, "and I have lost my master's swine."

"My name," said the little man, "is Robin Goodfellow, and I'll find them for you."

He had a tiny scarlet silk pouch hanging at his girdle, and he put his hand into it and drew forth the smallest golden whistle you ever saw.

"Blow that," he said, giving it to Fairyfoot, "and take care that you don't swallow it. You are such a tremendous creature!"

Fairyfoot took the whistle and put it very delicately to his lips. He blew, and there came from it a high, clear sound that seemed to pierce the deepest depths of the forest.

"Blow again," commanded Robin Goodfellow. Again Prince Fairyfoot blew, and again the pure clear sound rang through the trees, and the next instant he heard a loud rushing and tramping and squeaking and grunting, and all the great drove of swine came tearing through the bushes and formed themselves into a circle and stood staring at him as if waiting to be told what to do next.

"Oh! Robin Goodfellow! Robin Goodfellow!" cried Fairyfoot, "how grateful I am to you!"

"Not as grateful as I am to you," said Robin Goodfellow. "But for you I should be disturbing that hawk's digestion at the present moment, instead of which, here I am, a respectable fairy once more, and my late wife (though I ought not to call her that, for goodness knows she was early enough hustling me out of my nest before day-break, with an unpleasant proverb about the early bird catching the worm!)—I suppose I should say my early wife—is at this juncture a widow. Now, where do you live?"

Fairyfoot told him, and told him also about the swineherd, and how it happened that, though he was a prince, he had to herd swine and live in the forest.

"Well, well!" said Robin Goodfellow, "that is a disagreeable state of affairs. Perhaps I can make it rather easier for you. You see that is a fairy whistle."

"I thought so," said Fairyfoot.

"Well," continued Robin Goodfellow, "you can always call your swine with it, so you will never be beaten again. Now are you ever lonely?"

"Sometimes I am very lonely indeed," answered the Prince. "No one cares for me, though I think the brook is sometimes sorry, and tries to tell me things."

"Of course," said Robin. "They all like you. I've heard them say so."

"Oh, have you?" cried Fairyfoot, joyfully.

"Yes; you never throw stones at the birds, or

break the branches of the trees, or trample on the flowers, when you can help it."

"The birds sing to me," said Fairyfoot, "and the trees seem to beckon to me and whisper; and when I am very lonely, I lie down in the grass and look into the eyes of the flowers and talk to them. I would not hurt one of them for all the world!"

"Humph!" said Robin, "you are a rather good little fellow. Would you like to go to a party?"

"A party!" said Fairyfoot. "What is that?"

"This sort of thing," said Robin; and he jumped up and began to dance around and to kick up his heels gayly in the palm of Fairyfoot's hand. "Wine, you know, and cake, and all sorts of fun. It begins at twelve to-night, in a place the fairies know of; and it lasts until just two minutes and three seconds and a half before daylight. Would you like to come?"

"Oh," cried Fairyfoot, "I should be so happy if I might!"

"Well, you may," said Robin; "I'll take you. They'll be delighted to see any friend of mine. I'm a great favorite; of course you can easily imagine that! It was a great blow to them when I was changed; such a loss, you know! In fact, there were several lady fairies, who—but no matter." And he gave a slight cough, and began to arrange his necktie with a disgracefully consequential air, though he was trying very hard not to look conceited; and while he was endeavoring to appear easy and gracefully careless, he began accidentally to hum "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which was not the right tune, under the circumstances.

"But for you," he said next, "I could n't have given them the relief and pleasure of seeing me this evening. And what ecstasy it will be to them, to be sure! I should n't be surprised if it broke up the whole thing. They'll faint so,—for joy, you know,—just at first—that is, the ladies will. The men won't like it at all; and I don't blame 'em. I suppose I should n't like it—to see another fellow sweep all before him. That's what I do; I sweep all before me." And he waved his hand in such a fine large gesture that he overbalanced himself and turned a somersault. But he jumped up after it, quite undisturbed.

"You'll see me do it, to-night," he said, knocking the dents out of his hat—"sweep all before me." Then he put his hat on, and his hands on his hips, with a swaggering, man-of-society air. "I say," he said, "I'm glad you're going. I should like you to see it."

"And I should like to see it," replied Fairyfoot.

"Well," said Mr. Goodfellow, "you deserve it, though that's saying a great deal. You've re-

stored me to them. But for you, even if I'd escaped that hawk, I should have had to spend the night in that beastly robin's nest, crowded into a corner by those squawking things, and domineered over by her! I was n't made for that! I'm superior to it. Domestic life does n't suit me. I was made for society. I adorn it. She never appreciated me. She could n't soar to it. When I think of the way she treated me!" he exclaimed, suddenly getting into a rage, "I've a great mind to turn back into a robin, and peck her head off!"

"Would you like to see her now?" asked Fairyfoot innocently.

Mr. Goodfellow glanced behind him in great haste, and suddenly sat down.

"No, no!" he exclaimed in a tremendous hurry; "by no means! She has no delicacy. And she does n't deserve to see me. And there's a violence and uncertainty about her movements which is annoying beyond anything you can imagine. No, I don't want to see her! I'll let her go unpunished for the present. Perhaps it's punishment enough for her to be deprived of me. Just pick up your cap, wont you? and if you see any birds lying about, throw it at them, robins particularly."

"I think I must take the swine home, if you'll excuse me," said Fairyfoot. "I'm late now."

"Well, let me sit on your shoulder and I'll go with you, and show you a short way home," said Goodfellow; "I know all about it, so you need n't think about yourself again. In fact,



"LET ME SIT ON YOUR SHOULDER, AND I'LL GO WITH YOU," SAID ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

we'll talk about the party. Just blow your whistle, and the swine will go ahead."

Fairyfoot did so, and the swine rushed through the forest before them, and Robin Goodfellow perched himself on the prince's shoulder and chatted as they went.

It had taken Fairyfoot hours to reach the place where he had found Robin, but somehow it seemed to him only a very short time before they came to the open place near the swineherd's hut; and the path they had walked in had been so pleasant and flowery that it had been delightful all the way.

"Now," said Robin when they stopped, "if you will come here to-night at twelve o'clock, when the moon shines under this tree, you will find me waiting for you. Now I'm going. Good-bye!" And he was gone before the last word was quite finished.

Fairyfoot went toward the hut, driving the swine before him, and suddenly he saw the swineherd come out of his house and stand staring stupidly at the pigs. He was a very coarse, hideous man with

bristling yellow hair, and little eyes, and a face rather like a pig's, and he always looked stupid, but just now he looked more stupid than ever. He seemed dumb with surprise.

"What's the matter with the swine?" he asked in his hoarse voice, which was rather piglike too.

"I don't know," answered Fairyfoot, feeling a little alarmed. "What *is* the matter with them?"

"They are four times fatter and five times bigger and six times cleaner and seven times heavier and eight times handsomer than they were when you took them out," the swineherd said.

"I've done nothing to them," said Fairyfoot. "They ran away, but they came back again."

The swineherd went lumbering back into the hut and called his wife. "Come, and look at the swine," he said.

And then the woman came out, and stared first at the swine and then at Fairyfoot.

"He has been with the fairies," she said at last to her husband; "or it is because he is a king's son. We must treat him better if he can do wonders like that."

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL.

SHE came from a round black dot on the map,—
This dear little girl, and she's called a Jap.
Maybe my sister will show it to you:—
The very place where this little girl grew.

I wish she knew some American words,
Such as "How do you do?" and "trees," and
"birds."

I'd like to talk with her ever so much—
But she can't tell a thing that I say from Dutch.

Well, our dollies will get us acquainted to-day
If she'll only come out in the Park to play!
If it were not for nodding, and taking their
hands,
We could never know people from foreign lands.



A FORTUNATE OPENING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"WELL, boys," said Mr. Bartlett to a party of his young friends who gathered around him after supper, "I am going to tell you a story, since you are so anxious to hear one, and it will be a story of adventure; but it will have no boy hero. Its heroes are two persons whom you know very well, but I do not think the story will be less interesting on that account."

One of the young people here remarked that he liked stories of adventure about grown people better than those about boys, because boys generally were not allowed to have such good ad-

ventures as grown people could have.

"That may or may not be," said Mr. Bartlett. "But to go on with my story:

"When I was about thirty-five years old, and that was a number of years ago, I failed in business, and became quite poor. To add to my trouble, my health failed also; and it was considered advisable that I should take a trip to one of the West Indian islands in order to gain strength before beginning business again. My wife went with me, but our little boy was left behind with his grandmother.

"Our affairs were soon arranged. We collected money enough for a trip of a few months, and, soon after, we set sail for an isle of the sea. This island was a beautiful one, in a charming climate, and here we lived for three happy months, but when at last the time came for us to go, we were perfectly satisfied to do so; and we felt that the object of the trip had been attained.

"We left the island on the steamer *Joseph Barker*, which touched at our island on a homeward trip from South America; stopping to leave a party of scientific men who had made a special contract to be landed there; and, as the regular steamer would not leave for a week or longer, we were very glad to take passage in the *Barker*.

"We sailed over delightful summer seas for a

day and a night and another day and a part of a night, and then something, very mysterious to me, occurred. We ran into a great ship, or rather, the ship—which was under full sail—ran into us. The reason why this seemed mysterious to me was that there were hundreds of miles of unobstructed ocean on each side of us, in any strip of which, forty yards wide, the two vessels could have passed in safety; why, therefore, unless there is some mysterious attraction between vessels at sea, we should have happened to select the same spot of water for occupation at the same time, I could not imagine.

"The shock of the collision was tremendous; everybody woke up instantly, and many were tumbled out of their berths.

"My wife and I were soon dressed and on deck; There we found a great commotion. The general idea seemed to be that we had sunk the ship. Immediately after the collision, the steamer had backed away, and the two vessels were separated, but where was the ship now? It was very dark, but certainly, if she were above water, she would have hung out lights and made signs of distress or desire to relieve distress. But she was not to be seen.

"When our steamer was examined, however, it was found that the bow of the ship had struck us on the port side, just aft the foremast, and had made a hole as big as a front door. No one now thought of assisting the other ship. She was, probably, but slightly injured, and it was to her that we must look for help, for it was certain that our ship could not keep afloat long with such a hole as that in its side. Indeed, reports from below stated that the ship was rapidly filling.

"There were not many passengers, and we gathered together in a knot on the upper deck; some were very much frightened, and all anxious to know what was to be done. A tall gentleman who was traveling alone told us what would probably be done. He said rockets would be sent up to indicate our position to the ship; a gun would be fired; the crew, and perhaps the passengers, would be set to work at the pumps; the donkey-engine would be assigned similar duty, and immediate efforts would be made to stop up the hole. We saw signs, or what we supposed to be signs, of intentions on the part of the crew to do some of these things; but we could not understand what was going on, in the hurry and confusion on the decks.

"The tall gentleman left us to make some

suggestions to the captain, who, however, scolded at him in such a way that he came back to us, and was just in the midst of some very ungracious remarks when so unearthly a yell issued from the escape-pipe behind us that several of us thought the boilers had burst. But the tall man, ceasing his complaints, screamed in our ears that the engineer was merely letting off the steam.

"There is no doubt that the captain and the officers tried to do all that they could, but it was not long before there were evident signs of a panic. It was too dark, even with the lights on deck, for us to see much, but we soon found that there was a general rush for the boats. Then we also rushed.

"The confusion was now so great, and the deafening noise from the steam-pipe made it so impossible to hear any orders, if any were given, while the darkness made everything seem so obscure and uncertain, that I can not describe how we got into the boats. I know I hurried my wife to a large boat not very far from us, which was just about to be lowered, but it was already so full of people that there was no possible chance for us to get into it. I then ran aft, and found a small empty boat at which two men were working. Without a word, I helped my wife into this, and the two men soon got in, and, one at the bow and the other at the stern, they let it down to the water. Each man then took an oar and began to pull away from the steamer as fast as possible.

"I suggested that we might take some one else into the boat, but one of the men asked me if I wanted to stay by a sinking craft until it should sink and carry us down with it; and then they pulled away even harder than before.

"My wife had said little during all these fearful scenes. She had done exactly as I had told her; our action accordingly had been expeditious, and with as little flurry as was possible, under the circumstances. Unrolling a bundle of shawls, which I had thrown into the boat, I now began to make my wife warm and comfortable. This action attracted the attention of the men. We were very close to one another in the boat, and our eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, we could see one another tolerably well.

"Was that bundle only shawls?" asked the man nearer us. I answered that it was. I had picked up the shawls as we ran out of the stateroom, thinking it might be cool on deck, and had rolled them up, and kept them under my arm until we were about to get into the boat. I knew they would be needed.

"The men now stopped rowing for a minute. One of them took up a little water-keg which was in the bow of the boat, and shook it.

"Nothin' there," he said. Then some remarks,

which I did not catch, were made about my bundle. I am quite sure that they thought it contained some sort of provision for what might be an extended boat-trip. With their heads together, the two men said a few words, and, after having listened attentively for some minutes, they began again to row with their utmost strength. Before long they stopped again to listen, and then I heard the sound of oars. They pulled on, and we soon could make out a large boat, not far ahead of us.

"That's not the one!" said one of the sailors, turning around. "That's the first mate's boat, an' loaded up. It's the purser's boat we want. That's n't half full."

"So on they went, stopping every now and then to listen, and it was not long before we heard oars again, at which the men in our boat pulled with renewed vigor. I wondered how they knew in which direction to row, so as to be likely to fall in with the other boats; but I did not ask, for I did not believe the men would stop to answer me. I supposed, however, that boats' crews, on such occasions, might prefer to go with the wind. There was enough wind for us to feel it very plainly. And now we began to hear another boat, although it was hard work pulling up to it. I wondered, again, why they all rowed so hard. They could not be trying to make any particular point. As soon as we were close enough, one of our men hailed the other boat. 'Hullo!' he cried, 'Room for anybody else aboard?'

"How many?" a voice called out.

"I instantly rose in my seat. 'Four,' I shouted.

"Can't do it," came back the answer. 'You'd swamp us.'

"Our men made no answer to this, but, bending to their oars, they pulled like madmen. The other boat seemed trying to get away from us, but if this were so, it was a useless effort, for we rapidly overhauled it. The moment we came near enough, our bow-oarsman reached out and seized the stern of the other boat. Then both men dropped their oars, and, in a second, it seemed to me, they scrambled into it. As they did so, our boat fell behind. I rose to my feet and called out to the other boat to stop, that there were two more in our boat. But no voice answered us, and the boat disappeared in the gloom. For a minute or two, I heard the sound of oars, and then even that was lost. We were left alone.

"For a time, neither of us could speak. And then my wife began to cry. The cruel desertion by our oarsmen broke down her strong spirit. I tried to comfort her, although I was glad she could not see my face, or know what despair I felt. I told her the men could do us no good, and that we were just as well off without them.

"'You can row,' she said, a little re-assured.

"'Oh yes!' I replied, and I sat down in the place of one of the men, and took the oars, which, fortunately, remained in the rowlocks. I began to row, although I had no idea in what direction I should go. I could not catch the other boats, and it would be of no advantage if I could. The nearest land must surely be several hundred miles away, and, besides, for all I knew, I might be rowing toward the Straits of Gibraltar. But the exercise kept me warm, and that was something. I was not thickly clad, and the wind began to feel quite cool. My wife was warmly wrapped up, and that was the only comfort I had. And there we were in the darkness; I gently rowing, and she seated in the stern with her face bent down on her knees, sobbing. Once I heard her say: 'My poor child!'

"The sea was moderately smooth, although there were long swelling waves, on which we rose and fell. The wind was evidently decreasing.

"After a time, my wife raised her head,—I had been talking to her, but she had seldom spoken,—and she said: 'Do you think there is any chance at all for us?'

"'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'as soon as it is daylight we have a great many chances of being picked up. Perhaps that ship will come back and cruise about in search of us. She probably had to take a long tack before she could return, and she could not expect to come back to the same spot in the dark.'

"She made no answer to this, although I think it must have encouraged her a little, and for a long time we sat in silence; at last she went to sleep. I was very glad to find she was sleeping, for, as she lay upon her side, with her head resting on her arm, I knew that, for a time at least, she would forget her despair and our little boy at home.

"But I felt all the more lonely and desolate, now that she slept. No sound could be heard but the splash of the waves, and nothing could be seen but a little water around the boat. The sky was covered with an even mass of motionless clouds. For some time after we had left the steamer, I could hear the sound of the escaping steam. But that was not to be heard now. Perhaps we were too far away, or perhaps she had gone down. And then I thought, with horror, that perhaps she had not yet sunk, and that she might come slowly drifting down upon us, and then, rolling over on our boat, sink us with herself to the dreadful depths below. This idea made me so nervous that I could not help looking behind me, fearing I should see above me the great black hull, with the masts and spars bending down toward us.

"At last I too went to sleep. My head dropped on my breast, and I sat, with the oars still in my hands, and slept, I know not how long. I was

awakened by an exclamation from my wife. Starting up, I gazed around. It was daylight, the sky was still cloudy, and, as far as I could see, there stretched an expanse of dull green water, rising and falling in long and gentle swells.

"But my wife was sitting up very straight, gazing past me, with her eyes opened wider than I had ever seen them. She had evidently just awakened.

"'Look there!' she said, pointing over my shoulder.

"I turned quickly, but saw nothing. But then, as we rose upon a swell, I distinctly saw a vessel. It seemed to me to be about half a mile away, but it was probably farther.

"'We're saved!' I shouted, and I took hold of the oars and began to pull with all the vigor that was in me. I wanted to say something, but remember thinking that every word would waste breath, and I must row, row, row. It would be death to let that vessel get away from us.

"My wife was as much excited as I was.

"'Shall I wave something?' she cried. I nodded, and she drew out her handkerchief, and waved it over her head.

"'If I only had a pole,' she said, 'or something to tie it to!'

"There were two oars behind me, but I could not stop rowing to reach back to get them. She stood up to wave her signal, but I made her sit down again. I felt I must speak then.

"'You must not stand up,' I said; 'you will fall overboard. Is she coming this way?'

"'I think she is,' was the reply. 'She is nearer to us.' And with both hands she continued wildly to wave the handkerchief, while I rowed on.

"Suddenly she stopped waving. For an instant, I ceased rowing and looked at her.

"'Go on!' she said, and on I went. Once, when I rowed a little out of the right direction, she told me of my error. She looked straight ahead, neither waving her handkerchief nor saying anything.

"'Are we near?' I said, for my arms were growing lame with the unaccustomed work.

"'Quite near,' she said. 'Row a little more to the left. Yes, I knew it; it is our steamer! I can see the name.'

"I quickly turned. We were within a couple of hundred yards of the vessel. It was our steamer. I too could read the words 'Joseph Barker' on the stern. She had not sunk yet.

"I don't know how my wife bore up under this terrible disappointment. But she did. She even smiled weakly when she said we might have staid on board all night, and have taken the boats by daylight—if we had only known.

"The dread of the ship which had haunted me

during the night had passed away. I did not care very much whether she sunk and carried us down with her, or not. It was a relief to see anything that reminded me of humanity on that desolate, lonely sea. I rowed up quite close to her.

"Perhaps there is some one left on board," said my wife, and she and I both shouted as loud as we could; but no answer came from the ship.

"Then I rowed around her, and we saw the frightful hole in her side. While we were looking at it my wife said:

"Do you know that I should just as soon be on board that ship as to be in this little boat! I don't believe she will sink a bit sooner than we shall."

"I was thinking of that," I replied. "The lower edge of the hole in her side is four feet from the water-level when she rolls this way, and nine or ten when she rolls the other way. It must have been because the waves were high last night that the water came in. As long as the sea is quiet, I don't believe she will sink at all."

"I then rowed up close to the vessel and examined her injuries as well as I could. The side of the vessel, which was a wooden one, did not seem to be damaged below the tremendous gap which the bow of the other ship had made. The sheathing, as I believe the outside boards of a ship's hull are called, seemed tight enough between the water-line and the hole.

"I agreed with my wife that it would be much better to be on board the steamer than to remain in our little boat, especially as we began to be hungry. Even if a storm should come on, we should feel safer in the larger craft. So I set about trying to get on board. There were some ropes, with blocks and hooks, hanging from the davits from which the boats had been lowered, and, having managed to get hold of one of these, I thought I might climb up it to the deck. But my wife was strongly opposed to this, for, when she saw how the ropes swung as the ship rolled, she declared that I should never go up one of them. And when I came to try the ropes and found that there were four of them together, passing through a pulley above, and that, if I should not pull on them equally, I might come down with a run, I gave up this plan.

"Suddenly I had a happy thought. I rowed to one of the forward davits, and fastened the hook that hung from it to the bow of our boat. I then paddled the boat around until we were under, and very near to, the fractured aperture, which was not far from the forward davits.

"What are you going to do?" asked my wife. "We ought not to go so near the ship. She will push us under as she rolls."

"I wish to go still nearer," said I. "I don't believe there is any danger, with that easy rolling.

I wish to get in through that hole. Then I'll make my way on deck."

"But what shall I do?" asked my wife, anxiously. "I can never climb in there!"

"No, indeed!" said I. "I don't intend to let you try. When I get on deck I'll haul you up."

"But can you do it?" she asked, a little doubtfully.

"Certainly I can," I answered; and I immediately began to prepare for boarding the ship.

"First, I tied two of the shawls around my wife, just under her arms, making the knots as secure as I could. Then I showed her how to fasten the hook that held the boat, into these shawls, when the time came. I insisted that she should be sure to hook it into both shawls, so that if one gave way there might be another to depend upon. I did not like to leave my wife alone in the boat, but there seemed to be no help for it; and, as it could not float away, there was no danger if she was careful.

"When I had given her all the necessary directions, I paddled the boat as near to the hole as I could with safety, and then, standing up, I waited until the rolling of the ship brought the lower edge of the aperture within my reach, when I seized it, and in a moment was raised high out of the little boat as the ship rolled back again. I heard my wife scream, but I knew it was only on account of my apparently dangerous rise in the air, and I lost no time in drawing myself up and scrambling into the hole. It was only by the exercise of my utmost strength and activity that I did this. It would have been better if I had made a spring from the boat as soon as I had taken hold, but I did not think of that. Fortunately, the planking on which I was hanging was firm, and I quickly made my way in between the splintered boards and timbers. As soon as I was safely inside, standing on something,—I knew not what,—I put my head out of the hole and called down to my wife. She was in the boat, all right, a short distance from me, with her face as white as her handkerchief.

"I was sure you would never get in!" she cried. "I knew you would drown!"

"But you see I did n't," said I. "It's all right now. I'll hurry on deck, and have you up in no time."

"For a moment I thought of trying to help her in through the hole, but such an attempt would have been very hazardous, and I did not propose it. She could not have brought the boat up properly, and would probably have fallen overboard in attempting to reach me. So I told her to sit perfectly still until I saw her again, and I withdrew into the interior of the vessel. I found myself in the upper part of the hold, among freight

and timber and splinters, and many obstructions of various kinds, but it was not dark. Light came through the hole in the ship's side and also from above. Making my way further into the interior, I saw that the light from above came from the open hatchway in the forward deck. This had probably been opened after the accident, with the idea of lightening the vessel by throwing out part of the cargo. Or it may have been that the men came down that way to investigate the damage done by the collision. It matters not. The hatchway was open, and through it I could probably make my way on deck.

"I was surprised to find no water in the part of the vessel where I entered. I expected to have to wade or swim after I was inside. But the water which had come in was probably far beneath me. The lower part of the hold might be full for all I knew. I had no difficulty in climbing out of the hold. In one of the great upright beams which supported the corner of the hatchway, there was a series of pegs, by the aid of which I easily mounted to the deck. There I stopped for a moment, and looked about me. Everything appeared so desolate and lonely that my heart sank. But there was no time for the indulgence of melancholy. I hurried to the upper deck, where the davits were, and looked over.

"Hurrah!" I cried, "I'm all right!"

"I wish I were," came back the plaintive answer from the figure in the little boat.

"You shall be, directly," I said. "Wait one moment, and I'll haul you up."

"I now directed my wife to unhook the block from the boat, and to fasten the hook securely in her shawls—in the way I had shown her. She immediately rose, stepped from seat to seat, and, unfastening the hook, coolly stood up in the boat to attach it to her shawls.

"I was horror-stricken! 'Sit down!' I cried; 'if you lose your balance, you will be overboard in an instant. You can't stand up in a boat, especially when it's rolling about like that.'

"She sat down immediately, but the thought of her dangerous position made me feel sick for a moment. Would she ever be safe on deck beside me?

"She now called up that she was ready, and that the hook was all right. I then took hold of the upper end of the rope which ran through the pulleys in the blocks, and began to haul it in. This soon produced a pressure on the shawls, and my wife declared that if I pulled much harder she would have to stand up.

"Very well!" I called down, "you may stand up as soon as you please, now. I have you, tight. You may hold on to the block or the hook, if you

like, but don't touch the ropes. Now I am going to haul you up."

"I said this very confidently, but I did not feel confident. I was terribly afraid that I could not do it. I put the rope over my shoulder and began to walk across the deck. As the vessel gave a roll, I felt that I had my wife hanging at the other end of that rope! Now I must do it! If the deck had been stationary, I might have pressed on and slowly pulled her up; but the first time the vessel rolled over toward me I should have fallen backward had I not grasped the railing which ran across the deck in front of the pilot-house. This railing was my salvation. With the rope over my right shoulder and wrapped around my right hand, I clutched the railing with my left hand, and step by step, and clutch by clutch, I forced myself along. Once I thought of my wife, dangling and swinging above the water, but I banished the idea—my business was to pull, and keep pulling.

"When the vessel rolled toward me so that I was walking up a steep hill, the strain was terrible, but I had advantages when it rolled the other way, and I could throw much of my weight against the rope.

"Now the rope had run out a long way. I was nearly to the other side of the deck. She ought to be up. I glanced back, but there was no sign of her. But I knew she had not fallen off. I could feel her weight. Indeed, it seemed greater than before. Could I, by some accidental attachment, be hauling up the boat? If so, there was no help for it. I must keep on hauling.

"Again I looked back, and, oh, happy sight! I saw the top of my wife's back-hair just showing above the side. I gave one powerful pull; I made the line fast to the railing, and then I ran back. There she hung, with her whole head above the side! I ought to have pulled her up higher, but I could not go back to do it now. So I reached over and lifted her in. This effort exhausted what was left of my strength. I managed to take the hook from the shawls, and then we sank down beside each other on the deck.

"In about half an hour I went below to get my wife some water. I found water in the cooler in the dining-room, and glasses by it. As I filled one of these, I thought of the curious convenience of all this. Here we were, alone on the ocean, and yet I could go downstairs and get my wife a glass of water as easily as if I were in my own house.

"Were you frightened when I was drawing you up?" I asked my wife.

"Frightened!" she answered, "I almost died! The boat went from under me as soon as the steamer rolled and lifted me up, and then when she rolled back, I was sure I would be dipped into

the water. But I was n't. And then, when I looked down, and saw nothing but that black water moving and yawning there beneath me, and thought of falling into it if any accident should happen, I could not bear to see it, and shut my eyes. I bumped against the vessel every time it rolled, but I did n't mind that. They were gentle bumps.'

"At this moment I happened to think of the little boat. Without attracting my wife's attention, I looked over the side. It had floated away and was entirely out of our reach. I ought to have secured it. But it was of no use to regret the accident now; and, as we began to feel that we ought to have some food, I proposed we should go below to look for some. We easily found the kitchen and a pantry, where there were bread and butter and a variety of cold meats and vegetables, apparently left from the previous day's dinner. We did not stop to make much of a choice of these eatables, but stood up and ate bread and butter and cold meat until we were satisfied.

"It is astonishing how hungry we are," said my wife, 'considering that it is now but very little after our usual breakfast-time.'

"But I did not think it astonishing after all we had gone through. The strange thing was that we should have so much to eat. When we had finished our meal and had satisfied our thirst at the water-cooler, we made a tour of the ship—that is, of the more accessible parts of it. We looked into every stateroom. All were empty. We made sure that there was not a soul on board but ourselves.

"When we went into our stateroom, we found everything as we left it; and the sight of the berths was so tempting to our tired bodies that we agreed to turn in and take a nap. It was late in the afternoon when we awoke; and when I looked at my watch and jumped to the floor, I felt conscience-stricken at having lost so much time in sleep. What vessels might not have sailed near enough to us to have seen a signal of distress, if I had but put one out? And yet, I think that if any vessel had seen the Joseph Barker, it would have known that something was the matter with her.

"I determined not to run the risk of another collision when night should come on. I found the lamps in the dining-room empty, and supposed that all the lamps on board had probably burned out, and therefore set about looking for oil to fill some of them. I found a can after a deal of searching, and filled a couple of the dining-room lamps. I would have lighted the red and green lights that were burned on deck at night, but they were difficult to get at, and I thought I might not know how to manage them. So I contented myself with hanging a large lantern in the rigging near

the bow, and another one at the stern. These were not placed very high, but I thought they would be sufficiently visible. The larger lantern I found in the engine-room, and, to my astonishment, it was burning when I took it down. It seemed the only sign of life on board.

"By the time I had hung out my lights, I found that my wife had prepared supper, which she had spread on the captain's end of the long table in the dining-saloon. She had no tea or coffee, for there was no fire in the kitchen, but she had arranged everything very nicely, and we really had a pleasant meal, considering the circumstances.

"We did not sit up very long, for the steamer looked extremely lonely by lamplight—and it was so very little lamplight, too.

"The next day, when we went on deck, and looked out on the lonely ocean, not a sign could we see of sail or vessel. We spent a great part of the morning in putting up a signal of distress. This consisted of a sheet from one of the berths, which I fastened to the halyards on the mainmast and ran up as high as it would go. There was not much wind, but it fluttered out quite well.

"We now began to consider our chances of safety in case we were not soon rescued. I thought, and my wife agreed with me, that if the sea remained smooth, the vessel would continue to float; but what would happen if the waves rose, and dashed into the great hole in her side, we scarcely dared to think. We both believed we ought to do something, but what to do we could not determine. The small boat was gone, and our fate was joined to that of the ship. I had heard of fastening a large sail over a leak or break in a vessel, so as to keep out the water to some extent; but a sail big enough to cover that hole would be far too heavy for my wife and me to manage.

"We thought and talked the matter over all day, and the next morning we considered it even more seriously, for the wind had risen considerably. It blew from the south, and, as our vessel lay with her bow to the west,—I knew this from the compass on deck,—the waves frequently broke against her injured side, and sometimes, when she rolled over that way, the spray did come into the aperture.

"If we could steer her around," said my wife, 'so that the other side would be toward the wind, it would be better, would n't it? Can't we go into the pilot's house, and turn the wheel, and steer her around?'

"No," said I, 'we could n't do that. You can't steer a vessel unless she is under way—is going, that is.'

"And there's no way, I suppose, that we could make her go," she continued.

"I laughed. The idea of our making this great

vessel move was rather ridiculous. But my wife did not laugh. Walking about the ship, we went into the engine-room. We looked at the bright steel cranks and bars and all the complicated machinery, now motionless and quiet, and down through the grating on which we stood, to the

"'You would probably blow us up,' she remarked, 'and so it is just as well as it is.'

"But later in the day she said, 'Why don't we put up a sail? I have an idea about a sail. If we put one up that ran lengthways with the vessel, like the sail on a sailboat, and the wind kept blow-



"THE GULF STREAM GOES TO ENGLAND, DOES N'T IT? DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WILL DRIFT US AS FAR AS THAT?"

great furnaces far beneath us, where the coals were all dead and cold.

"'This looks as if it were all in order,' she said, 'and yet I suppose you could n't set it going.'

"I assured her that I certainly could not. I did not know anything about an engine, and even if the fires were burning and the boilers full of steam, I could never hope to turn handles and work levers so that the great wheels would go around and move the vessel.

ing on this side of us, it would blow the ship over a little sideways, as sailboats are when they are sailing, and that would raise the hole up so that the water would n't get in.'

"'It might act that way,' I said. 'But we could n't put up a sail.'

"'Why not?' she asked.

"'We're not strong enough, for one reason,' said I. 'And don't know how, for another.'

"'Well, let's go and look at them,' said she.

"As it was certainly better to move about and occupy our minds and bodies, instead of sitting still and thinking of all sorts of dangers, we went to look at the sails. There were two masts to the steamer. On the mainmast was a large sail, like a schooner's mainsail, which, I was sure, we could not raise a foot. On the foremast was a square sail, much smaller, and this, my wife thought, we certainly ought to be able to set. I was not so sure about it. The difficulty in our case would be to get the sail loose from the yard to which it was furled. I had seen the sail set, and knew there was no lower yard, the bottom of the sail being fastened by ropes at the corners to the vessel. I suppose it is easy enough for sailors to go out along the yards and untie—or whatever they call it—the sails, but I could not do it. Nor did my wife wish me to try, when she saw what was necessary.

"If we had the yard on deck," she said, "we could untie the sail and then haul it up again."

"I knew this would not do, for even if we could have let the yard down, we could never have hoisted it up again, and so, after a good deal of examination and cogitation, I told my wife that we should have to be content to give it up.

"For the rest of that day we said no more about setting sails, but the desire to do the thing had so grown upon me that I got up very early the next morning without waking my wife and went on deck. To my delight I found that the wind had gone down almost entirely. Then, in great fear lest my wife and the wind should rise, I mounted the shrouds, carefully and slowly made my way out on each side of the yard as I had often seen sailors make their way, and, with a large knife which I found on deck, I cut all the ropes which confined the sail, so that it gradually fell down to its full length. I could not unfasten the knots nor comprehend the turnings of the ropes that held the sail, and even to cut them was a work of time and danger to me. But at last it hung down, slowly waving and curling with the motion of the ship; for the swell on the sea still continued. I descended, trembling with the exertion and excitement. By ropes attached to the lower corners of the sail, I loosely fastened it to the deck, so that it should be under control in case the wind arose, and then I went aft. I met my wife coming up the companion-way. To her inquiries as to what I had been doing, I told her I had been setting the foresail, at which she went forward to see how I had done it. When she came back she found me lying down on a sofa in the dining-saloon.

"And so you went out on that yard and undid those ropes?" she said.

"I answered that I was obliged to do so, or I could not have set the sail. It is not necessary to report the lecture that ensued, but it was a long and a serious one. When all was over, I promised never to do anything of the kind again, and then we had breakfast.

"From the time when we boarded the steamer we had not failed, at every convenient moment during the daytime, to look for sails. But we had seen but two, and those were very far off, and had soon disappeared. Our signal of distress was kept flying; but, after a time, we began to wonder whether or not it was a signal of distress.



"I CUT ALL THE ROPES THAT CONFINED THE SAIL."

"Perhaps a white flag on the highest mast means that everything's all right," remarked my wife.

"I did not know how such a flag would be regarded, but thought that if any vessel could catch sight of our steamer rolling about without any smoke or sails, we would need no signal of distress. I wondered that we did not meet other vessels. I had thought there were so many ships on the ocean that, in the course of a day or two, we could not help meeting at least one. But I worked out a theory on the subject.

"We are probably," I said to my wife, "in the Gulf Stream, which flows northward. Vessels going south avoid this stream, and therefore we do not meet them."

"But shall we never meet a vessel?" asked my wife. "The Gulf Stream goes to England, does n't it? Do you suppose it will drift us as far as that?"

"Oh," I said, "I have no doubt there will be vessels crossing the stream before long. Or one may overtake us."

(To be concluded.)

A Raging, Roaring Lion, of a Lamb-devouring Kind,
 Reformed and led a sweet, submissive life.
 For with face all steeped in smiles
 He propelled a Lamb for miles,
 And he wed a woolly Spinster
 for a wife.



HOW A GREAT BATTLE PANORAMA IS MADE.

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

A CERTAIN brave and prominent general in the late war always insisted that the best and safest place from which to view a battle was just behind the central line of one of the engaging armies—if the spectator did not mind the shells and minie-balls.

The general died without seeing one of the battle panoramas—or “cycloramas,” as they are sometimes called—now so frequently exhibited in our larger cities. In one of these, he could have stood in the best possible place, without considering the question of safety or of minding shells and minie-balls, however hotly the battle might be raging all around him. For so skillfully is the foreground blended into the painted scene upon the canvas, that, but for the silence, the spectator seems actually to stand in the midst of the real battle.

It is always interesting to visit an old battle-ground. The veteran who, years before, was engaged in the actual conflict, and the tourist who has read and re-read the story of the desperate fight, alike find much pleasure in standing upon the actual field and endeavoring to locate the

contending forces or trying to trace out the lines of advance, attack, or retreat.

The visitor to those old battle-fields, however, finds to-day only slight signs of conflict. Few of the old roads can be traced; towns have grown into cities; pleasant farms have overgrown the earthworks; and forests stand in the fields which, years ago, were marked with the smoke and strife of battle. The aim of the battle panorama is to reproduce not only the field of the conflict, as it was at the time, but also the most striking events of the battle as they would have appeared to a spectator from the same standpoint.

MATERIAL.

THE first step, after selecting the subject of a battle panorama, is to collect all obtainable sketches, records, and photographs relating to it. These are studied with great care by the leading artists engaged for the work, who then go to the real field of battle, where, for a month at least, they make

sketches of the ground from some commanding point. The spot thus chosen for studying the field may have been overgrown with trees since the days of battle, but the lookout is usually so well selected that it is possible to construct a plan of the landscape as it formerly appeared, and so to make a sketch of the battle-ground precisely as it was at the time of the fight. I have found, too, in my own experience, that in reproducing the scene of a battle in which I had been engaged, my note-books and memory enabled me to correctly locate all the old roads, houses, earthworks, camps, fields, forests, and troops, as they were on the day of the battle.

The sketches made by the artists on the battle-ground, and all the material previously obtained, are next taken to the panorama-studio where the great picture is to be painted.

THE ARTISTS.

BEFORE describing the studio and its work, it will be interesting to look at the corps of artists employed upon the great picture. Every man has some special talent. One artist excels in painting skies and distance, another in foreground and nearby trees. A third loves to paint animals, and is noted for his pictures of horses. To still another is given the study of uniforms and military equipments; while even the artists who paint the human figures have peculiar ability in special lines, and so are assigned to different portions of the figure-work. And in the same way, the landscape part of the picture is parceled out among the landscape artists.

THE COMPOSITION, OR FIRST PLAN.

THE preparation of the "composition" or first plan of the panorama is the next important feature of the work.

A strip of prepared canvas forty feet long by five feet high is first stretched upon a circular framework of wood. This framework is exactly one-tenth the size, in its various dimensions, of the building in which the panorama is to be exhibited. Over the canvas, sheets of heavy white drawing-paper are tacked. An outline of the landscape is roughly sketched in charcoal on this paper. Important masses and groups of figures are next located, and the work thus progresses until the interior wall of the circular room is covered with an interesting sketch of what a spectator would have seen during the battle, if he had stood at the exact point of view selected by the artists as the center of the landscape.

The leading figure-painter always controls this

part of the work. He carefully plans the design so as to secure graceful and effective lines in the landscape and interesting grouping for the figures. This is no small task, as it is necessary carefully to arrange the proportions of these figures so that they will appear life-sized in the finished painting. Changes, alterations, and improvements are made with charcoal, and at last the sketch becomes a drawing. The artists who are to paint special features or parts of the panorama are now made acquainted with the outlines of the composition, and, working under the direction of the chief painter, they aid him in making a clear pen-and-ink drawing over the charcoal outline. When this pen-and-ink outline has been completed, the charcoal marks are dusted off, and, later, are entirely removed by rubbing bread-crumbs over the paper.

In the preparation of this first drawing, the artists become familiar with the general plan of the big painting, and can work more intelligently when called to execute it upon the panorama-canvas.

In the composition, every command is located and the prominent officers are noted, while portraits of soldiers known to have been in the foreground are also indicated.

The landscape, roads, and other natural objects are drawn so as to present the scene of battle as it actually appeared at the time of the conflict. In doing this, the sketches and note-books are constantly referred to. When finished, the composition is a pen-and-ink drawing on a scale one-tenth that of the proposed panorama. This drawing, embraced on a strip of paper forty feet long and five feet wide, is divided into ten sections, every section being indicated by a letter of the alphabet. Every one of these sections is then covered with an equal number of squares, every square being designated by the letter of the section as well as a number: thus, Square A 1, Square A 2, and so on. This is to aid the artists in enlarging the pen-and-ink drawing, and transferring it to the panorama-canvas, which is likewise covered with an equal number of squares, each square being ten times the width and height of the corresponding one on the pen-and-ink drawing.

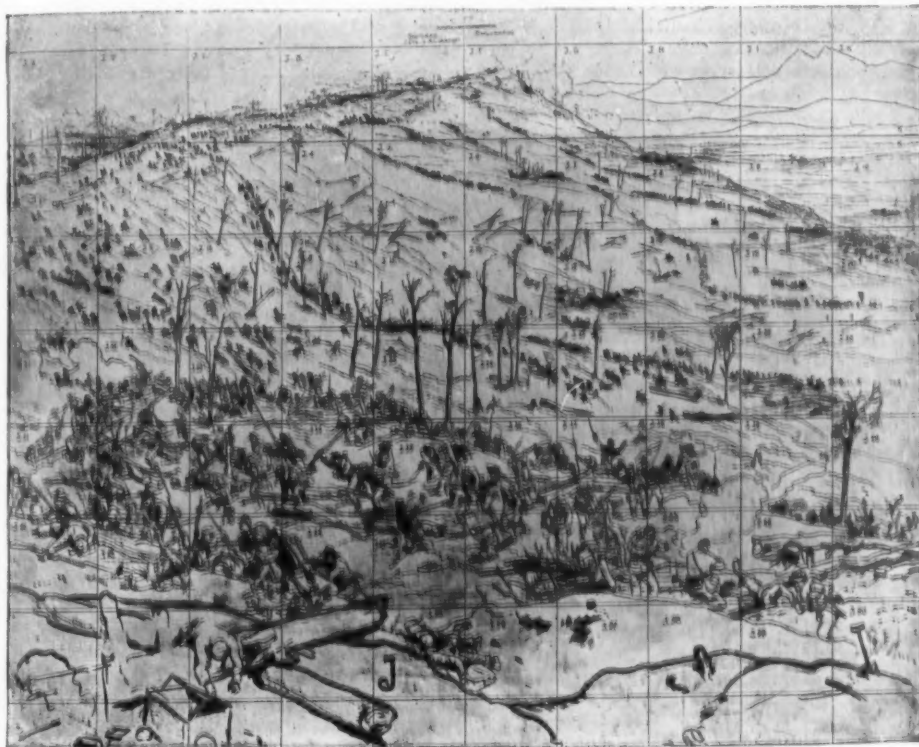
A tracing of the pen-and-ink drawing is next made, and by means of it the outlines of the drawing are transferred to the small canvas, which is of exactly the same size as the paper that contains the drawing. On this canvas, the chief artist rapidly paints and indicates the different degrees of color, light, and shade that he wishes to have given to the panorama. This canvas when thus treated, is known as "the dummy." It is very useful as a color guide to the artists when they are at work upon the panorama itself.

THE OUT-DOOR STUDIO.

ALTHOUGH the greater part of the work is done in the panorama-studio, much of the preliminary sketching is often done out-of-doors. The artists who painted one well-known American panorama occupied for a time the terraced garden attached to the residence of the principal artist, where they set up a real garden-studio. The garden was a

would be aiming his directly at the big easel of one of the chief figure-painters. Still another model, posturing for the time as a dead soldier, would be lying prone on the grass, where he would have to keep quite still,—perfectly still,—no matter how constantly the busy flies might annoy him.

The models who "pose" for the figures in the panorama are carefully selected. They must be men strong enough to endure the strain of stand-



A SECTION (GREATLY REDUCED) OF THE PEN-AND-INK DRAWING, OR FIRST PLAN, OF A PANORAMA.

corner-lot separated from the street by a picket-fence, above and through which the passer-by had a full view of what was going on within. Scattered about the garden were guns and uniforms, harness, haversacks, and military equipments,—relics of the war-days,—so scorched and camp-stained that a tramp would have condemned them. But they were highly prized by the artists, as the best clothes for the models who, in various attitudes, representing either Union or Confederate soldiers, were disposed about the garden-studio. Some would be reclining on the ground as wounded men; one would be leaning on an Enfield rifle, while another

ing or lying in the same position for some time, and without any change or rest. They must also be intelligent enough to understand the action of such figures in the composition as they are required to personate. The models assume positions, and wear uniforms, arms, and accouterments, precisely similar to those of the figures in the original sketch—whether of private soldiers or general officers—which they for the moment represent.

The collection of uniforms and equipments—such as that in the garden-studio—is one of the curiosities of a panorama-studio. Every branch

of the military service is represented in the clothing of the "blue and the gray," here brought together. The various styles of saddle and bridle, of guns, sabers, pistols, carbines, blankets, rough army shoes, heavy woolen socks, haversacks, canteens, shelter-tents, and harness for artillery horses and mules, may here be seen.

THE STUDIO.

THE work can now be transferred to the studio proper. This is a large circular building, strongly built of wood, but completely covered with corrugated iron, which serves the double purpose of

An iron track, built within a few feet of the walls and twice as broad as an ordinary railroad, runs around the interior of the building. The cars for this track vary in height from ten to fifty feet. They are in reality wooden towers on wheels—every tower composed of a number of platforms, reached by flights of stairs, and so arranged as to leave the sides of the platforms nearest to the canvas unobstructed. Six of these cars are provided for the painting of a single panorama.

Fifty feet above the railroad track, a massive ring or circle of timber is held in place by brackets fastened to the wall of the studio. This ring must be of exactly the same size as the corresponding ring



SPECIMENS OF SKETCHES MADE BY THE ARTISTS IN THE OUT-DOOR STUDIO.

protection from fire and cold. One-third of the circular roof is made of glass, thus admirably lighting the interior of the studio. The wall of the building is nearly sixty feet high, and is braced and strengthened with heavy timbers, necessary to support the weight and strain of the canvas. In the center of the studio is a circular platform, the height of which is determined by the horizon, or eye line, of the panorama to be painted. Above the platform, a canvas canopy, called the "umbrella," is suspended. This prevents the artist or spectator from seeing the upper edge of the canvas, and causes the scene to appear as if viewed from under a piazza-roof which shuts out the sky directly overhead.

from which the immense painted canvas is to hang, in the building in which the cyclorama is to be exhibited when completed. And it is measured and leveled by a surveyor who places his transit, or measuring instrument, on the central platform.

THE CANVAS.

THE linen or canvas for the panorama is of the best quality, and heavier than that used for smaller paintings. It is specially woven at Brussels, Belgium, in great breadths, thirty feet wide by fifty feet long. These are neatly stitched to-

gether, and compactly folded in a strong wooden box in which the canvas is sent to this country.

water, and the face of the canvas is given a coat of weak glue, known as "size."

THE PAINTING.

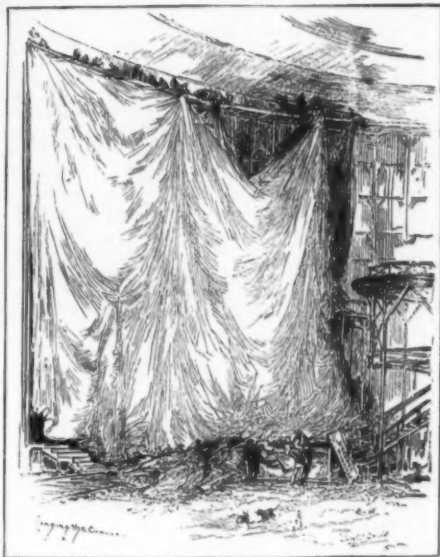
HOUSE-PAINTERS now spread over the canvas a ton or more of "whiting" (white lead and oil), which when dry forms the surface upon which the artists paint the panorama. The original drawing has meanwhile been photographed by sections on glass plates. By an arrangement of lenses and a strong light, like a magic lantern, an enlarged image of every section



THE ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS AT WORK IN THE OUT-DOOR STUDIO.

On arrival at the studio, it is hung and nailed fast to the ring by "riggers," who sing as they haul up and shake out the great folds, which drape down in grand masses that delight the artists' eyes. The canvas is a little longer than the circumference of the big wooden ring from which it is hung; but a sailor, suspended from a boatswain's chair, stitches the lap together so tidily that the seam is not visible from the platform. A wide hem is next stitched around the lower edge of the canvas, spaces being left open for the introduction of sections of a hollow iron ring, of the same circumference as the wooden ring above. The sections of the ring, after all have been slipped inside the hem, are fastened together by couplings, and the lower part of the canvas is thus stretched into circular form to match the top. Still more weight, however, is required to stretch the canvas perpendicularly; and so a thousand or more bricks, weighing in all from two to three tons, are fastened at intervals around the iron ring in groups—three or four bricks to each group.

The canvas is now ready to be "primed"; that is, to have its first coat of color laid on. In preparation for this, the back is thoroughly sponged with



HANGING THE CANVAS.

is thrown upon the great canvas, which has been similarly lined off into sections and squares, every section of the original drawing being magnified to the exact size of the corresponding section on the canvas.

For this work, night is the most favorable time, as the lines are then more sharply outlined, and, being distinctly visible, can be rapidly traced

on the canvas with umber. The illustration showing this scene fully explains the work. But as the great canvas is so much larger than the paper on which the first drawing was made, the enlarged copy of that drawing always seems to contain too few figures. When all of the lines, therefore, are traced upon the canvas, many more figures have to be introduced into the scene, otherwise old soldiers and their friends would ask: "Where are your troops?" In the pen-and-ink

The landscape outline is correspondingly worked up, and the artists are busy putting in broad masses of color to give a tone to the canvas and remove the glare of light reflected from its too white surface.

THE GROUND-WORK.

THE "dummy," already referred to, is now frequently consulted, and affords the key and



TRACING THE OUTLINE OF THE SMALL DRAWING, AS ENLARGED UPON THE CANVAS.

drawing, this lack of numbers is not evident; it is the result of the enlargement, which also shows other defects, such as would naturally be expected when one foot on a drawing is increased to ten feet on a panorama-canvas. All this has to be anticipated, and is provided for. Additional groups of figures are rapidly sketched in, and lines of battle are reinforced by the addition of other soldierly figures. The scene represented on page 107, for example, when first enlarged on the great canvas, contained far too few figures, and the number had to be greatly increased before it appeared as in the engraving.

suggestion of the colors to be used. Presently, from the topmost platform of the highest car, certain of the artists are busily painting away at the sky and putting in the clouds, which will be perfected when the sky has its second painting. These artists, up aloft, take their colors from a table, the top of which is arranged as a palette. The other artists are busy upon some special work to which they have been assigned, and for which they have already painted the studies that are now distributed about the platforms, every one of which is a veritable studio.

All this is rapid work, and is, indeed, but the



ONE OF THE MOVABLE PLATFORMS USED IN PAINTING A PANORAMA.

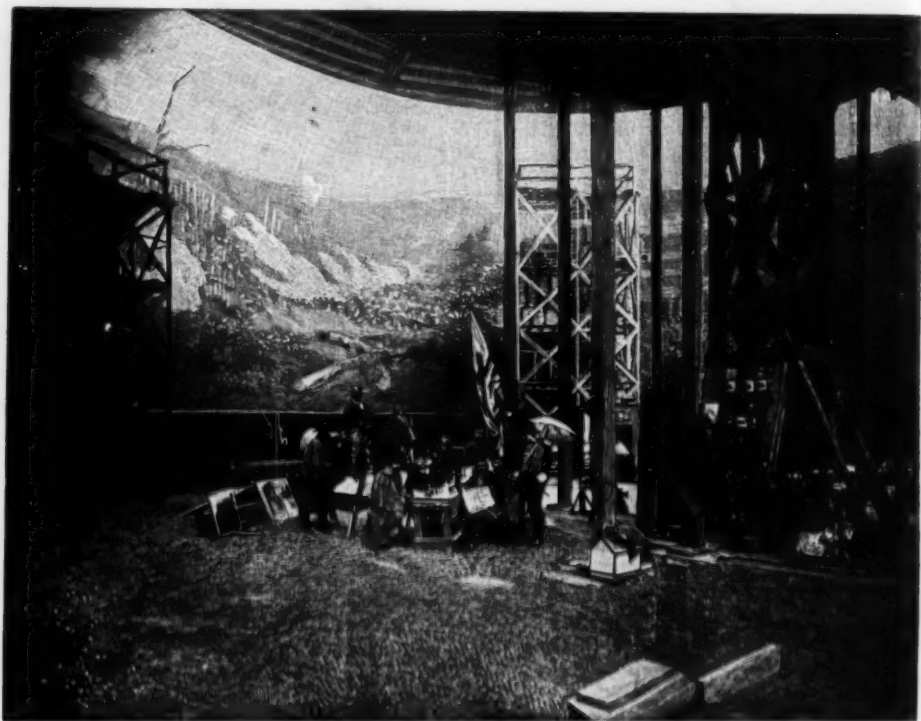
groundwork of the panorama, into which the "details" or special features of the picture will be worked later on. These details require time and patience, and can be painted to better advantage when the broad masses of color are dry.

PAINTS.

THE question is frequently asked, "What paints do the artists use?" In the better class of battle panoramas, only colors of the best quality are used,

such as are used by an artist in his work upon a fine oil-painting. This color is, of course, purchased in very large quantities; as an instance, for the panorama in which I was interested, the

was left thus blank and bare, and was most disturbing to the German professor who was the chief artist. His eye was so distracted and troubled by it that he one day directed some of the loitering



THE INTERIOR OF THE PANORAMA-STUDIO.

rich yellowish paint, known as cadmium, cost two hundred dollars, and was contained in four tin cans, each the size of an ordinary peach-can. This is an expensive color, and while artists have no desire to scrimp in its use, they do object to a reckless waste of it. An amusing incident occurred in this connection during the painting of the panorama to which I have referred.

When the composition is drawn, the general plan for that part of the cyclorama known as the foreground, which is composed of natural objects, is also thought out. It is then settled what portions of the great canvas will be hidden by the foreground of natural objects, such as real earthworks, mounds of sod-covered earth, and log breastworks. Usually that part of the canvas is left without color, except such fanciful sketches as the artists may paint for studio view only. A portion of our picture, "The Battle of Missionary Ridge,"

models to take some color, "any color," he said, "and scumble over the surface to tone it down."

The models, dressed as Union and Confederate soldiers and officers, worked industriously for twenty minutes, when it was suddenly discovered that they had emptied three fifty-dollar cans of cadmium and were opening the fourth! A half-dollar's worth of cheap house-paint would have been better, for no preparation had been used to make the cadmium dry, and it was still soft when the panorama was sent for exhibition to Chicago. What the artists said when they discovered the models' mistake was not plain to me, as it was spoken in German; but I know that they all talked at the same time and very vigorously.

THE CENTRAL PLATFORM.

The central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama,—

and therefore the artists are obliged to go to it frequently, as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work.

This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the signs of "No Admittance," within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veteran soldiers who took part in the action represented, and who often make helpful suggestions where the artists' notes are imperfect. These visitors study every detail and discuss the panorama point by point. They are acquainted with the scene and delight to study out the meaning of every line and dash of color.

The army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected, make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to

which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb-tacks. Upon tables will be found sections of the composition, spread out opposite to their location upon the great canvas; field-glasses keep the drawings in place; and the inevitable piece of chalk is there also, ready for instant use.

The artists paint steadily, every individual being mainly occupied in perfecting his own work, though never hesitating to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another one will rapidly paint in an admirable portrait for the incomplete figure. Soon, another brush is busy with the horse, while still another artist calls for



SCENE FROM A BATTLE PANORAMA.

the panorama itself, but more to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The strong pine rail surrounding the platform is penciled all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper, upon

some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings.

Now, look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded *carte de visite*

of a young officer; upon a slip of paper we read the following: "Col. K., now on General Sheridan's staff; then captain, General Thomas's staff, H 47" (meaning the section H, square 47 of the panorama); "French cap, blouse, captain's straps—staff—dark-blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry

pital scene; around him is scattered a complete field outfit for an army surgeon—cases of instruments, bandages, bottles, and a model uniformed as a hospital steward, who has stood so long in one position that he shakes as if he had the ague, until the interested painter, noting his suffering condition,



SCENE FROM THE PANORAMA OF "THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA."

boots, staff sword, McClellan saddle; shabrack—black horse; see sketch."

In the above copy of a scene from the cyclorama called "The Battle of Atlanta," several of the figures are portraits, the one on the foremost horse being that of General John A. Logan. Every officer represented is pictured in the uniform which he wore on the day of the fight, while even the horses and their accouterments are as faithfully depicted.

These instances will give an idea of the way in which facts are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.

Upon the platform of one of the high cars an artist may be seen carefully finishing a Confederate hos-

releases him with an apology for this unintentional cruelty. But perhaps, of all the models, the rough contrivance known as "the wooden horse" is both used and abused the most. Boards are nailed on or knocked off it to make it fit the size of the saddle, bridle, or harness in use for the moment, and the unfortunate human model who has to mount the framework designated as a horse, puts both his skin and his garments in danger of damage from nails and splinters.

COMPLETING THE PICTURE.

In most panoramas, the sky covers two-thirds and the landscape one-third of the canvas. In

the painting of Missionary Ridge, to which I have before referred, and which represents a battle upon hill-tops, this proportion was necessarily reversed, and so a longer time than usual was required to paint the scene.

But now the artists are busy with the last touches. A car is seldom in one place for more than an hour. The models are chiefly employed in responding to the calls of the artists from their platforms: "Push this car!" "Push this car!" The small cars can be moved without difficulty, but the tall cars are very heavy, and are provided with a mechanical contrivance for their propulsion.

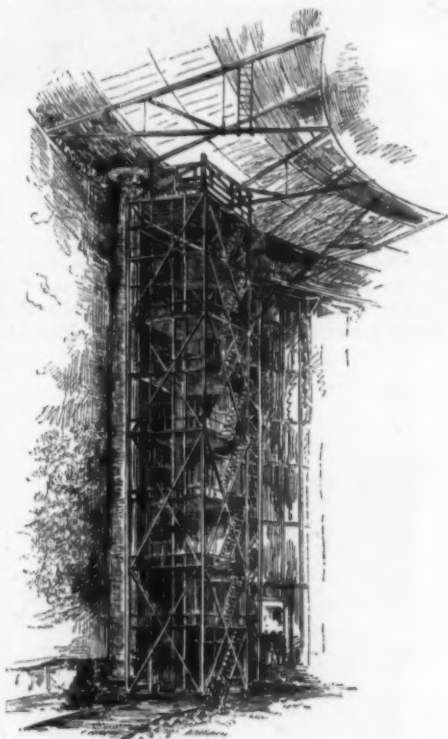
THE "SPOOL."

AND now the studio begins to resound with the hammering of carpenters, building a huge "spool" upon which to roll the canvas, and the box to contain and transport it. A small cottage could be built for the cost of these two appliances; for they must be strong and true. The barrel of the big spool is two feet in diameter, and is made of strips of pine three inches thick, grooved together. Sections of oak plank bolted together and fashioned into wheels, six inches thick and four feet in diameter, form the ends; and through these, three-inch holes are bored to pass the cable used in handling the spool when the canvas is rolled upon it. The cable or heavy rope must be strong enough to bear the whole weight of the rolled panorama, and thus avoid a pressure upon the canvas that would surely injure the painting.

PACKING THE PANORAMA.

ALL the painting paraphernalia are now removed from the highest car, which is now to be used in rolling the canvas on the spool. At the top and bottom of the car are fastened projecting braces, or "bearings," in which the ends of the spool are secured in such a way that it will revolve readily, and will stand upright and close to the ring. A sailor perched on his boatswain's chair rips out the seam and helps the men on the platforms to nail one side of the canvas firmly to the spool. Other men loosen the canvas from the ring and remove the weights and iron ring at the bottom, and while the car is moved slowly along, the spool is revolved by men stationed above and below. An occasional nail is driven to fasten the canvas to the top of the spool. In two hours, if all goes well, the panorama is safely rolled face in upon the spool. By means of ropes and a windlass, the great roll is then lifted clear of the strong pins that held it in place, and is blocked up to permit the passage of the cable through the spool. The ends of the cable are securely fastened, and the roll, a dead weight

of six or seven tons, is steadily lowered into the box in which it is to be despatched to the place of exhibition. This great box and its precious load are removed from the studio through a large doorway made expressly for the purpose, and are shipped, on platform cars, to the building where the panorama is to be shown to the public.



ROLLING THE PAINTED PANORAMA UPON THE BIG SPOOL.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

THE Exhibition Building, now so familiar to all who live in our larger cities, is a great circular edifice of brick, wood, and iron. It is provided with an iron track and a high car built in sections so as to be quickly put together when required for use. Upon its arrival at the Exhibition Building, the panorama is carefully unrolled and is hung by the method employed for hanging the canvas in the studio, which has already been described.

THE FOREGROUND.

THE material for the foreground has been prepared before the receipt of the picture. The chief



PANORAMA EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

artist and the mechanical constructor have superintended the construction of the platforms, following the irregular line indicated both on the first drawing and the panorama. All the lumber that is used is treated with a composition of silicate to

keep out moisture, and to make it fire-proof. Hundreds of loads of earth have been carted into the building; quantities of lumber, trees both living and dead, together with a collection of fence rails, bushes, sods, logs, sand, and a variety of camp equipage, are piled about, ready for use. The platforms are the groundwork for the earth and sod, which are very skillfully joined to their painted semblances on the canvas; bushes and trees are planted; earthworks and log camps are built;—everything is done with careful intent to make the foreground and painting appear as one whole landscape, and so to join the two in meaning and color as to make it nearly impossible for a spectator to determine at any point which is the real and which the painted scene. This work calls for very careful judgment, as it is necessary to settle the exact relation in size which real objects shall bear to those in the painting. An ordinary cap or hat placed upon the foreground near the canvas would seem prodigious, though the same hat, thrown on the ground near the platform occupied by the spectator, would not attract notice. The entire foreground must, therefore, be arranged to aid the perspective of the painting, so that when the panorama is ready for exhibition, even the artist, who has constantly labored to attain that very result, finds difficulty in realizing that the scene spread before him is painted upon canvas which hangs vertically but forty feet distant from his eye.

VISITORS.

THE curiosity of visitors has no end. They refuse to believe facts, and frequently resort to novel methods to confirm their own ideas. Many suspect that an immense plate of glass is placed between the spectator and the canvas; and some persons have even thrown objects with sufficient force to go thrice the distance from the platform



MAKING READY TO HANG THE PANORAMA IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

to the canvas, for the purpose, as they said, of testing this glass. Of course, there is no glass nor any other means of deception than the simple arrangements here described. The largest figures on the canvas are between three and four feet high, though they seem to be full life size.

A certain inquisitive old lady, visiting one of the earliest of these panoramas,—“The Battle

man soldiers which looked like dwarfs beside her. Great laughter greeted her return to the platform, where she remarked: “Oh, my! how they do grow when you get back, away from them!” And this is the whole secret of the effect produced upon the spectator.

Some very interesting “optical facts” are found in these panoramas. In the “Battle of Mission-



BUILDING THE FOREGROUND, UPON PLATFORMS, IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

of Sedan,”—helped herself over the platform-rail by means of convenient chairs, and trotted down an earth road leading from the platform to the canvas, where—alongside the painted figures—she looked like Gulliver’s wife among the Lilliputians.

“Why! Oh, my!” she exclaimed, “look at these dear little men! They are only so big!” holding up her parasol near a painted group of Ger-

ary Ridge” there is, near the Craven House, on the side of Lookout Mountain, what appears to the eye to be a steep, open field. Looked at with a suitable field-glass, however, this precipitous appearance disappears, as it does also in the real scene when looked at in the same way. This truth to nature results from the painstaking work of the artists, who have painted the distance as conscientiously as the foreground.

Battle panoramas have been known for years in Europe. During the reign of Napoleon I., one was exhibited in Paris, and at present nearly all the principal cities of Europe have buildings for the exhibition of this kind of panorama. As all these buildings and panoramas are of exactly the same

for the purpose of showing the facts that came under his observation as a soldier in the actual battle.

A tell-tale silence pervades the platform of such a panorama, in direct contrast with the enthusiasm aroused by a panorama in which now one and now another veteran can recognize the places where he



SCENE FROM THE PANORAMA OF THE "BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE."

size, an interchange of canvases is possible, and this is said to be the intention of the panorama companies of the United States. It must, however, be said that some of the panoramas on exhibition have absolutely no value as historical paintings. They are fictitious productions, and have in them nothing that a veteran can recognize and explain to those whom he has accompanied to the exhibition

camped, picketed, marched, and fought. If the soldiers who are so earnest to have only the truth of history correctly printed in books, would but insist upon equal truth in the paintings of the same stirring conflicts, we should have many grand historical pictures instead of what may be interesting, but are often badly painted and almost wholly imaginary scenes.

CRICKET SONGS.

BY E. WHITNEY.

WHAT 's the song the crickets sing—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room:
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them out of sight:
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken, every day,
If it 's sunny, then they say:
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains, for then they cry:
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

THE BAMBERRY BOYS

AND THEIR FLOCK OF SHEEP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THERE were five of the Bamberry boys, and when the oldest of them (Burton) was seventeen, and the youngest (Johnny) was seven, their Uncle Todd, a successful wool-grower in an adjoining county, made every one of them a present of a sheep.

Mr. Bamberry, the boys' father, had tried the experiment of sheep-raising a few years before, but had abandoned it, after having nearly all his flock killed by dogs.

"You never can find out whose dogs do the mischief," he said; "and it's too much trouble to keep constant watch and ward against them. No!" he would add, emphatically, when his boys teased him to begin again with a few lambs, "I never want to see another sheep come upon my farm!"

But he was a good-natured man, and when Uncle Todd made his offer of five yearling lambs, provided the boys would go over after shearing-time and make him a visit and drive them home, Mr. Bamberry, reluctantly assenting, said:

"Well, well! try it, if you will; but remember, it's your experiment, not mine."

Then the question arose, who should go for the sheep? and as not one of the boys was willing to remain at home,—not even seven-year-old Johnny, nor Henry, the third one, who was lame,—it was decided that they all should go. They could take Dolly and the one-horse wagon, drive over on one day, and return with the sheep the next.

It was a delightful adventure, and never were five boys happier than the Bamberry brothers when,

on the second morning, while the air was yet cool and the dew on the grass, they set out with their bleating flock for home. They proceeded leisurely, letting the young sheep nibble occasionally by the wayside; and when one appeared tired and lagged too much, they picked it up and tumbled it into the wagon. At eleven o'clock they stopped to feed the horse and eat their own luncheon at a roadside spring, and by the middle of the afternoon they arrived home triumphantly with their little flock.

Nothing interests boys on a farm so much as something of their own to take care of and hope for profit from; and Uncle Todd's gift proved in many ways a benefit, not only to the brothers, but to the whole Bamberry household. It served to cure Burton of his restlessness; and from that time Todd, the second son (named after his uncle), began to show an interest in farm matters, which had never had the least attraction for him before. And the flock was a bond of union between the five boys, making them not only better brothers, but better sons.

Mr. Bamberry was to have the wool in return for pasturage and fodder; but the sheep and their increase were to belong to the boys. The flock prospered, numbering eleven the second year (including two pairs of twins), and eighteen the third, not counting two or three lambs which the boys had fattened for the table and sold to their father for a good price.

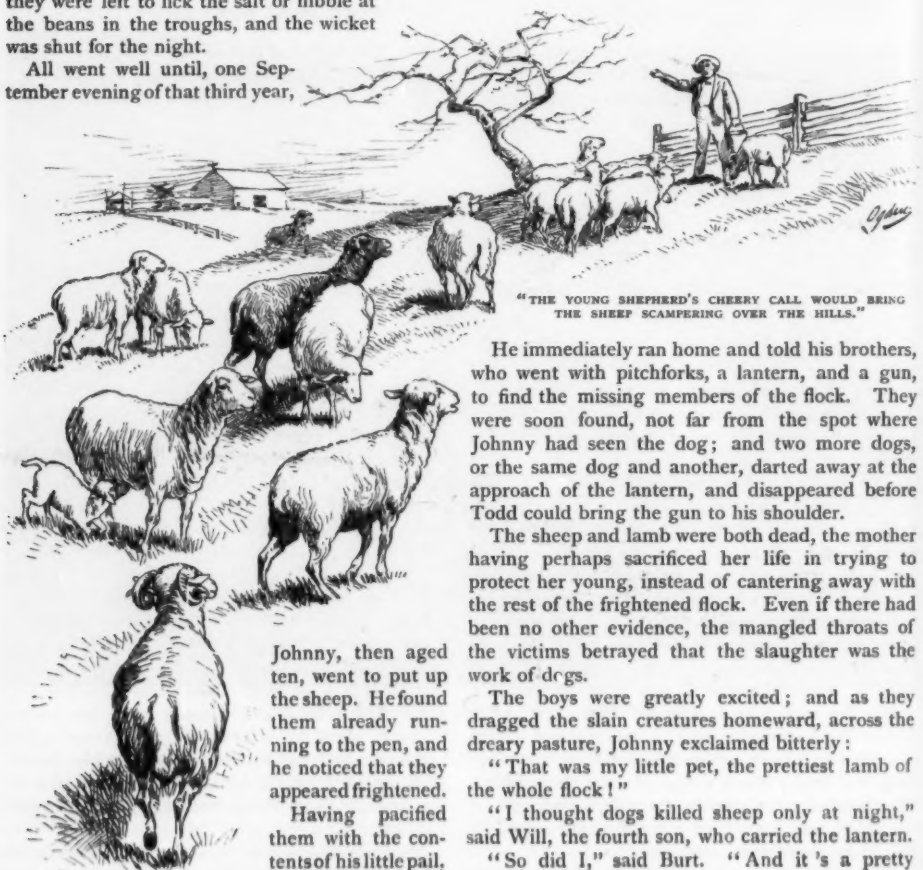
As a protection against dogs, the boys had built a high pen of unplanned boards, on the edge of

the pasture where the flock ranged in summer. Into this fold the sheep were enticed every evening by a little salt or a few handfuls of beans, which they learned to expect, and came for so regularly, that it was very little trouble to shut them up for the night. If not already at the wicket, when one of the young shepherds appeared at dusk, his cheery call, "Ca-day! Ca-day!" or "Nan! Nan! Nan!" would bring the sheep scampering over the hills and crowding into the inclosure: Then they were left to lick the salt or nibble at the beans in the troughs, and the wicket was shut for the night.

All went well until, one September evening of that third year,

calling "Ca-day! Ca-day! Nan! Nan! Come, Nan!" as loud as he could.

Getting no response, he hurried on, looking behind stone-heaps and old stumps, and in the corners of fences, until suddenly he saw flit away before him something which he mistook for a sheep. But no! it was a dog. It disappeared almost immediately in the darkness, and Johnny stood trembling with fear.



"THE YOUNG SHEPHERD'S CHEERY CALL WOULD BRING THE SHEEP SCAMPERING OVER THE HILLS."

He immediately ran home and told his brothers, who went with pitchforks, a lantern, and a gun, to find the missing members of the flock. They were soon found, not far from the spot where Johnny had seen the dog; and two more dogs, or the same dog and another, darted away at the approach of the lantern, and disappeared before Todd could bring the gun to his shoulder.

The sheep and lamb were both dead, the mother having perhaps sacrificed her life in trying to protect her young, instead of cantering away with the rest of the frightened flock. Even if there had been no other evidence, the mangled throats of the victims betrayed that the slaughter was the work of dogs.

The boys were greatly excited; and as they dragged the slain creatures homeward, across the dreary pasture, Johnny exclaimed bitterly:

"That was my little pet, the prettiest lamb of the whole flock!"

"I thought dogs killed sheep only at night," said Will, the fourth son, who carried the lantern.

"So did I," said Burt. "And it's a pretty pass we've come to, if penning our sheep at night wont answer, and they can be dogged and killed before it is fairly dark, and almost under our eyes! I believe one of those curs was Judge Mason's."

"I thought one was Haniman's miserable mongrel," said Todd.

Mr. Bamberry was hardly less exasperated than the boys when they reached home with the bad news. But he said:

Johnny, then aged ten, went to put up the sheep. He found them already running to the pen, and he noticed that they appeared frightened.

Having pacified them with the contents of his little pail, he passed by the

troughs, to see if they were all there. A count, carefully repeated, showed him that a sheep and a lamb were missing.

Then he went out and called, but heard no answering bleat, and saw no sheep or lamb coming over the shadowy slopes in the twilight. Fearing some danger to them, he ran to the summit of the hill, and looked off into the dim hollows beyond,

"It's about what I expected. There's no way to keep sheep safe from dogs in this neighborhood, unless you watch 'em or pen 'em day and night. And now the trouble's begun, I'm afraid you'll have enough of it."

"We'll see about some of those dogs!" said Burton angrily.

"That will be of no use," said his father. "You can't trace 'em; and there'll be worse trouble if you touch any man's dog without positive proof of his guilt."

Burt whispered to Todd, and taking the lantern, they went over to call on the Haniman boys, to tell them of their loss. The Hanimans listened with interest and sympathy, but when Todd said, "I think your dog was one of them," they cried out indignantly against so absurd a suspicion.

"Our Prince?" said Joe Haniman. "Why, he's the gentlest, kindest, truest dog in the world! Here, Prince!" And he began to whistle.

"He goes with our sheep, and protects 'em," said Joe's brother Bob. "You could n't get him to hurt one; if you should set him on a sheep, he would only just catch and hold it."

"You could n't have seen him," Joe stopped whistling to say. "He's always at home; I saw him not half an hour ago. Here, Prince!—here he is, now," as the gentlest, kindest, truest dog in the world came bounding to his side. "There! does he look like a dog that would kill sheep?"

He certainly did not; and Todd was easily convinced that he had been mistaken. Prince was a long-legged, tawny mongrel, and there were perhaps fifty dogs in the county that might be taken for him in the dusk.

The Bamerry boys next went to call on Judge Mason, Burt saying that he himself had not been half so sure of the Haniman dog as he was of the judge's.

They found the judge kind and candid, but inclined to scoff at the notion that his Roland could be guilty of so grave an offense.

"Where is he now?" Burt inquired.

"I don't know," said the judge. "He's about the place, somewhere; I saw him not ten minutes since. He may have slipped off, to avoid being shut up for the night in the woodshed; he does sometimes. But he's the most harmless dog—you know him."

"I know him only too well," replied Burt. "And I'm confident I saw him to-night."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be too hasty," said the judge, putting his hand on Burt's shoulder. "Could you swear that as a fact you really saw him?"

"No," Burt admitted; "but —"

"You are not certain; and even if you did see him, that fact never would convince me that

Roland had killed your sheep. Why, boys, I've such confidence in that noble dog that I'm not afraid to offer fifty dollars for every sheep killed in this county, if he can be proved to have been in any way concerned in killing or mangling one."

"It may be hard to prove. But I should like to see your dog now," said Todd.

"Well, you can see him; he can't be far away." And the judge called, but called in vain; no Roland appeared. "He's afraid of the woodshed," said his master with an indulgent laugh. "Can't blame him. That dog's very cunning!"

The boys went to the houses of two or three other neighbors who kept dogs, but got no satisfaction anywhere.

"I knew just how it would turn out," said their father, on their return home. "No man will admit that his dog kills sheep, though you should canvass the country. The only way is for one of you to keep in sight of the flock during the day, and then pen them early."

The boys resolved to act by this advice, and make the best of their misfortune. But worse was yet to come.

On the second morning after this, on going to let out the flock, Henry was astonished by what he saw. Five sheep had been killed in the night, and lay dead in the pen with their throats mangled. The others started and huddled into corners at the slightest sound or motion, showing that they had been subjected to a recent great fright and disturbance.

Henry did not open the wicket, but limped homeward as fast as he could; and it was not long before his brothers were with him on the spot. For a while, not much was to be heard but muttered vengeance. Todd and Will were for going off at once and seeking for evidence of sheep-killing among all the dogs in town—traces of their recent feast must be discovered on some of them; but Burt said:

"I've tried that once; and, as father says, it's of no use. The best way is to keep still, and think of some plan to get even with them."

"We must do something soon," said Todd, "or we shall lose all our sheep, now that the brutes have had a taste of them. I thought this pen was high enough, and close enough, to protect them against all dogs, big or little."

"It must be a very small dog that could crawl between these boards," said Henry; "and a very long-legged one that could jump over. I would n't have believed any dog in the world could clear such a fence!"

"The dogs that killed those sheep certainly got over, and I'm sure there was more than one," said Burt. "None that could crawl through would

be apt to have strength or courage to attack a flock. Boys, look here!"

"Scratches, as sure as fate!" said Henry. "See here!—and here!"

Marks on the boards were found, indicating that attempts to get over had been made by dogs that had left the prints of their claws on the fence, either in leaping up or in falling back. Places, too, were discovered, where the lower ones had been clawed and gnawed, as if in efforts to get through.

"I'll tell you, boys!" cried Todd, "there's been a whole pack of dogs here! Some have got over, and the rest could n't. Some have tried to work through."

"Sheep-killing dogs go in packs, like wolves," said Burt. "When one discovers a flock open to attack, it seems as if he went and told the others. Constant watching, after that, is the only thing that can save a single one of that flock. It is just as father has told us all along; and all the comfort we shall get out of him will be, 'It's what I expected; now, maybe you'll believe what I say.' What are we going to do?"

"I believe," said Henry, "we can trap the dogs, just as I have heard of farmers trapping wolves in old times."

"I've thought of that," said Todd. "It will be better than trying to kill them off by poisoning some of the meat and leaving it for them to eat."

"Say nothing to anybody, boys," said Burt; "but let us set quietly to work, and rebuild this pen in such a way that any dog that wants to get in can do so without much trouble. We'll have it harder for him to get out, I tell you!"

They found some comfort in talking over the plan and anticipating the results. The living sheep were let out, and the dead ones left in the pen, which before night was made considerably higher. And on the side toward the pasture, at which the dogs had evidently got over, one section of the fence was made to slant inward toward the top, so that dogs could easily run up and leap over, while it would be impossible for the "longest-shanked cur in creation," as Todd said, "to jump back again."

That evening, after having been watched by one of the boys all day, the living sheep and lambs were driven to the shed and shut in; but the dead sheep were left in the pen, and the wicket was made fast. Then the boys withdrew, to await anxiously what might happen over night.

They feared that, dogs being probably more knowing than wolves, it might not be easy to catch them in such a trap; and then, when it was too late to go back to the pen, they began to think over and discuss all the possibilities of the marau-

ders getting out again, even if caught. But there was nothing to be done before morning except to sleep, if they could.

They had youth and health, and they slept, notwithstanding their excitement. But at the first streak of day, Burt and Todd were up; and their whispers, as they hurriedly dressed, in the great farm-house garret, awoke their brothers. Ten-year-old Johnny was the last to get his sleepy eyes unsealed and tumble out of bed; and with some of his clothes on and the rest in his hands, he followed the others down the dim stairs, and out into the cool, gray September morning.

The boys looked first to see that the sheep in the shed had not been molested; then they hastened on to the fold which they had converted into a trap. Lame Henry, whom even little Johnny outstripped in that eager race, hobbled behind; while Todd, the best runner, was the first to reach the pen. He looked through the fence. There was a pause, and silence of a few seconds, broken only by the sounds of feet hurrying behind him. Then he turned and flung up his hands, excitedly, shouting back at his brothers:

"We've got 'em! we've got 'em! Come, quick!" He beckoned frantically, and, turning again to look into the pen, almost went into convulsions of gleeful triumph as Burt and Will and Johnny came clattering to the spot.

Then Henry, still in the rear, but watching sharply what was taking place at the pen, saw the others go into similar convulsions, as one by one they peeped between the rails; and finally he himself followed the prevailing custom, as he came up and took a look.

And well might the young owners of those slain sheep exult! Never before, I am sure, did a sheep-fold in a region rid of wild beasts present so amazing a spectacle.

Dogs! At first sight, it seemed almost full of them. There were twenty-three by actual count (and this is no fiction); dogs of nearly all colors, shapes, and sizes, known the country round: surly bull-dogs, restless fox-hounds, and meeching mongrels, with cringing tails.

There were several neighbors' dogs that the boys knew; among them, "the kindest, gentlest, truest dog that ever was,"—Haniman's Prince,—and Judge Mason's "noble" Roland! There were also dogs that none of the Bamberries remembered ever to have seen before. There were even three or four half-breed shepherd dogs, that had left unhurt their own masters' flocks to prey upon the flocks of their neighbors.

"Roland was a little too cunning for his own good!" chuckled Will. "The woodshed he hates so would have been better for his health last night."

The dead sheep had been partly devoured, observing which, Todd remarked:

"I thought dogs were more knowing than wolves; but they say wolves, caught in such a trap, never will touch a sheep until they find a safe way out again."

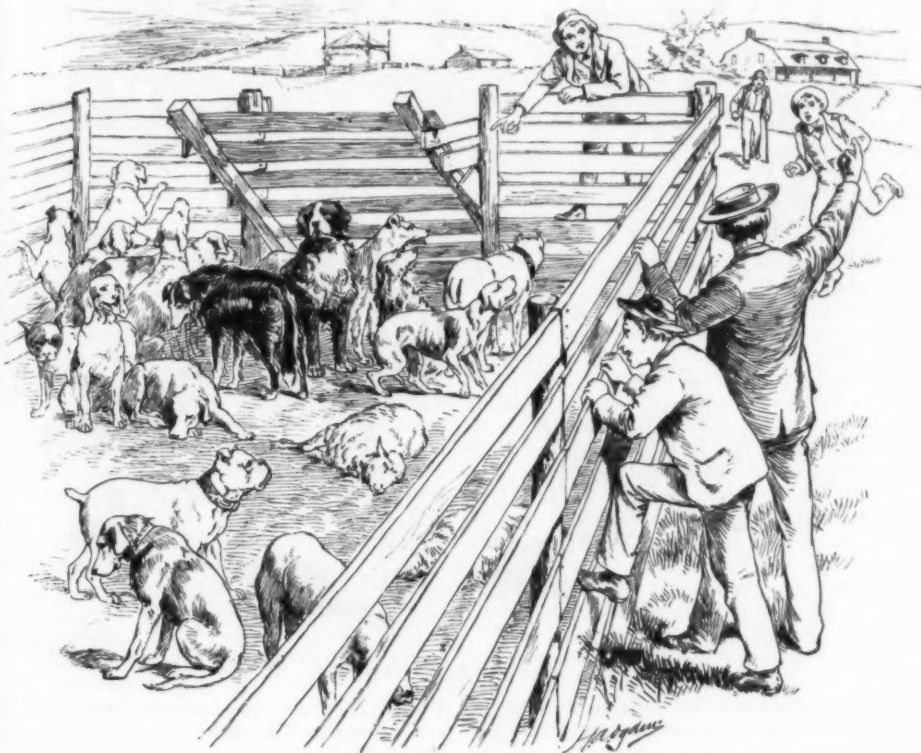
There was an animated discussion as to what should be done with so many dangerous members of the community. Todd thought they ought to

"They know they are caught, and will probably get punished; that's all their conscience amounts to," said Will, who strongly advocated the shooting policy.

"It looks like a dog-show!" exclaimed Johnny, walking around to get a good view of all the slinking and cowering curs.

From that Burt took a hint.

"A dog-show it is, and a dog-show it shall be!



"WELL MIGHT THE YOUNG OWNERS OF THOSE SLAIN SHEEP EXULT!"

shoot them all, and then call upon the owners to pay damages.

"We'll have the damages," said Burt, "and I've no doubt most of the dogs deserve to be killed; but I prefer to let the owners do the killing. Some are valuable dogs; and it's more their masters' fault than their own that they have been allowed to run loose, and get into temptation, along with bad company. They have been simply acting out their original dog-nature."

"Yes; but the way they act," said Todd, "shows they have some conscience about such things, and know that they have been doing wrong."

We'll have some fun out of this thing, boys, and maybe some money to pay us for all our trouble and loss."

The idea became immediately popular.

"Admission, ten cents; children under twelve years old, half price," laughed Henry.

"Owners of dogs contributed, to be put on the free list," said Todd.

"Contributed' is good!" cried Burt, with grim humor.

"So is 'free list,'" added Will. "Perhaps we'd better offer prizes!"

"That might be going a little too far; we must



TAKING THE CULPRITS HOME.

draw the line somewhere," observed Todd, dryly. "Any owner who will come forward like a man, pay damages, and take his animal away, may see the show for nothing. How's that, boys?"

"All right," replied Burt. "But now, about the damages?"

"I say, make every man that has a dog in this show pay a round ten dollars," said Will; "or else kill his dog."

"And prosecute him, under the law," added Todd. "Boys, we have control of the whole affair now."

"That's true," assented Burt. "And for that very reason we should be careful."

"Temper justice with mercy," observed Henry.

The matter was talked over with their father, who said, as he came and looked into the pen,

"Well done! well done, boys! a good catch, a wonderful catch, I declare!" But he objected to a part of their plan.

"It's fair and right," he said, "to make every man whose dog is found here pay a round sum for him, say, five dollars. But I'm afraid it will look a little too much like a money-making job on our part if you charge anything for admission to the show."

The boys thought he was right; and though they were reluctant to give up that advantage, they concluded to have the fun without the profit, and make the show free to the public.

After breakfast, while Henry and Johnny remained to watch the captives, with a loaded gun and plenty of ammunition, Burt and Todd and Will set off on horseback, riding in different direc-

tions, to notify all owners of dogs within a radius of six or eight miles to come and claim their property, and, incidentally, they invited everybody to the show.

One of the first persons Todd called upon was Judge Mason, whom he found in his peach-orchard.

"Good-morning, Judge Mason," he said, cheerfully, from his horse. "Is your dog about the place this morning?"

"Well! — hm!" coughed the judge, "I suppose so. I think I saw him." He was not a man who would tell an untruth; and he must have imagined that he had seen Roland very recently.

"Was he shut in the woodshed last night?" Todd asked.

"I've no doubt of it; I gave orders that he should be," said the judge. "Any more trouble with your sheep?"

Instead of answering this question, Todd asked another:

"Do you remember your offer of fifty dollars for every sheep killed in the county, if your dog was proved to have been concerned in killing or mangling one?"

"I believe I did say that, I know Roland so well!" exclaimed the judge. "Why?"

"Because," said Todd, with a gleaming smile, "according to that, you owe us three hundred and fifty dollars."

"What! what! what!" said the judge.

"It is no mere suspicion this time," said Todd.

"If you have seen your noble and harmless dog this morning, you've seen him in the trap we set for him, where I just left him, shut up with the carcasses of five more sheep, killed night before last. That makes seven in all—three hundred and fifty dollars!" he repeated, with a very grim sort of laugh.

"Todd Bamberry!" said the judge, explosively, "it's impossible!"

"Seeing is believing," rejoined Todd. "Wont you come over, please, and see for yourself?"

"Then you boys caught him and put him there!" declared the judge, looking very red and angry.

"There are twenty-two other dogs with him," said Todd. "Could we have caught them all and shut them up together? We must have had a lively night's work if we did!"

"Well! well!" said the judge, "I'm astounded. I'll go over and see about it."

"Do, if you please. Father is waiting to talk with the owners who come to take their dogs away. We'll let the noble Roland off for a trifle less than three hundred and fifty!" And Todd galloped away.

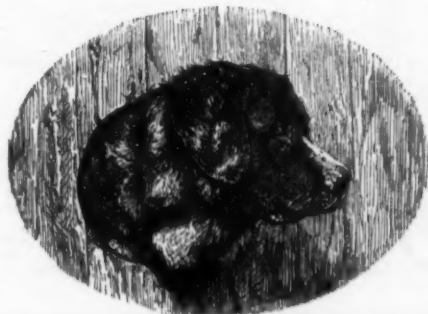
Burt, meantime, had seen the Haniman boys, and notified them of Prince's capture. So the three went the rounds of the neighborhood, and far beyond, spreading the news, which created an extraordinary sensation, remembered to this day in all that part of the country.

The show was well patronized that afternoon, men and boys flocking from all parts to see the catch of twenty-three sheep-killers, secured by the Bamberry boys in one night. Visitors were coming and going all the afternoon; and fifteen of them led away dejected-looking curs, with tails between their legs and ropes around their necks.

At night, eight of the dogs remained unclaimed; and for five of them no owners ever appeared. They were accordingly shot. How many of the others shared the same fate, at the hands of masters who despaired of their reform, the boys never knew.

For most of the eighteen that were redeemed they received five dollars each; but for a few they got only a part, in cash, of the penalty demanded, and were never able to collect the whole. The total sum which they realized was a little over sixty-seven dollars; and that they considered sufficient to cover past damages and some future risks.

They kept their sheep-pen built in the same way, but never again caught any dogs, nor lost any more sheep from canine depredations. Their flock prospered, and their father was obliged at length to acknowledge that the experiment was a success.



THE STORY OF A SQUASH

There 'once was a great big squash vine.
It went spreading o'er the ground;
It covered all the little plants
And things, that grew around.

Just like this !

And it bore such great big squashes
That the children came one day
And dug a cave in one of them.
And there they used to play
Just like this !

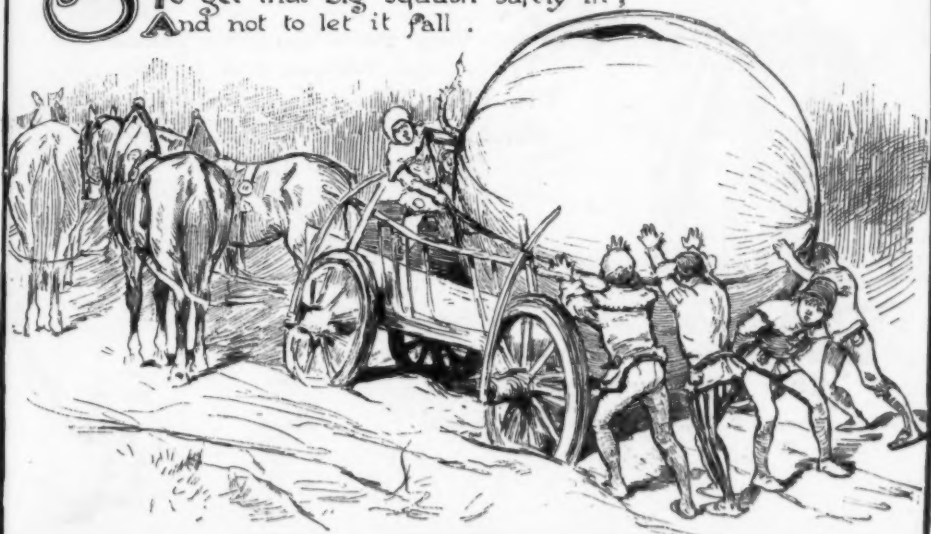


So that squash just kept on growing
Till at last the children cried ; -
"Let's bring our beds out here to-night,
And we can sleep inside"

But quite early in the morning,
While the children's sleep was sound,
The farmer, he came out to see
His squashes big and round,
Just like this !

"I've been thinking," said the farmer
"It would be quite a generous thing
If I should send this great big squash
As a present to the King !"

So they brought the large farm wagon,
But they had to tug and haul
To get that big squash safely in,
And not to let it fall.



Then they took it to the palace ;
And the farmer went along . -
 The good man felt so pleased and proud
 He sang a merry song !
 Just like this !



But in spite of all the jolting ,
And the singing, and the rest ,
 Those children slept as quietly
 As birdies in a nest !



When they drove up to the palace ,
 There was wonder and surprise ; -
 The King threw down his golden crown ,
 And stared , and rubbed his eyes !
 Just like this !



Then they bore it to the Kitchen ,
But the cook exclaimed with tears : -
 "If I should make it into pies
 'T would take me twenty years !"



Now the King was in the parlor,
Waiting pleasantly for pie.
But when they brought that message back
Fire flashed from out his eye.



Up he rose, and sought the kitchen
And he spake in thunder-tone;
"Quick! make those pies, thou miscreant,
Or in a dungeon groan!"



Then the frightened cook ran trembling
To put on his largest pot
"Pile up the wood," he cried aloud;
And make the oven hot!"

With his knife so brightly gleaming
Ready lifted in his hand, **Squash**
He climbed upon that monstrous
And there he took his stand!
Just like this!



But it happened just that moment,
That those sleepy girls and boys
Awaked at last, and out they came,
Astonished at the noise.

Oh! the cook flung off his apron.
And he tore his cap in two -
The scullions ran to tell the King! -
What a hullabaloo!



But the children - oh, the children!
They were not at all afraid; -
They ate great bowls of bread and milk
And lots of marmalade!



Came the King and Queen to view them,
All the court was there beside.
"Oh, children, dear, how came you here?"
The Queen delighted cried!
Just like this!



Then the children told their story,
And they begged on bended knee; -
 "Good King and Queen, please send us home,
 And we will grateful be!"

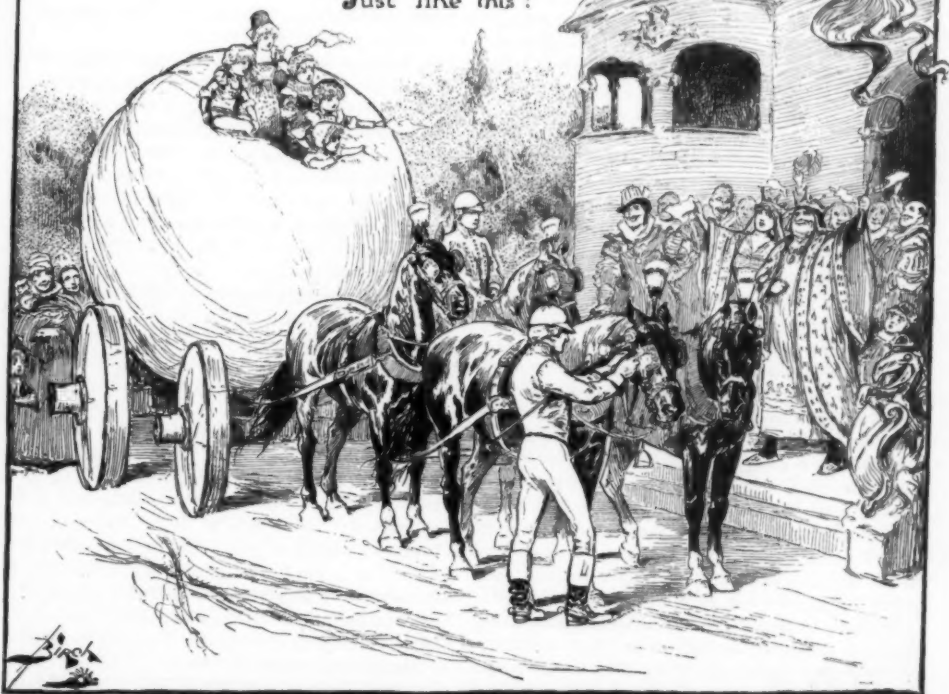


So the carpenter was summoned,
And he brought his tools along -
 He sawed four wheels of pear-tree wood,
 And made them stout and strong;

On the great big squash they nailed them -
 Quoth the carpenter: - "Tis done!" Quick,
 Quoth the King! "Bring out my horses!"
 And the children cried - "What fun!"

So they harnessed the King's horses:
And they piled the children in.
 And home they went, in great content,
 Amid a merry din!

Just like this!



A SCHEMING OLD SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

NED JOYCE was always a jolly fellow. He was jolly on the hottest day in summer and on the wettest day in spring; but in winter he was jollier than ever. Particularly jolly was the one tingling cold twentieth of December evening. In fact, you may safely say that he was then the jolliest man to be found either in New York or Brooklyn.

Why, his rosy cheeks glowed, and his blue eyes twinkled with positively hilarious happiness, and he looked so much like an overgrown Christmas cherub, that passers-by glanced back at him with a comfortable sort of smile, and then went on again with a new stock of pleasant thoughts as if, after encountering him, a body could think no other kind of thoughts.

It was just so every winter, as Christmas came around. The nearer Christmas came the jollier Ned grew, until at last he was so full of good-will to everybody that his chuckles and smiles became infectious, and the stoniest-hearted strangers would find themselves smiling back at him.

No one knows for how many gifts he was responsible, for, as everybody knows, it is impossible for the meanest man in the world to resist the Christmas spirit if once it get into his heart. And it will get into his heart the moment a sympathetic smile warms it. You see, the Christmas spirit is always on the watch for such chances, and I believe that it followed jolly Ned Joyce wherever he went, knowing how people's hearts warmed at the very sight of him. And so it happened that often, during Christmas week, careless, worldly-minded men, who had never thought of giving a present, would meet him, smile kindly at him, and then rush away and buy presents for sons and daughters or nieces and nephews.

But of all this Ned Joyce had never a suspicion, for he was the modestest kind of a man. He scattered his smiles right and left, on boot-black or bank president impartially, and went his way unconscious of the good he was doing.

And this is just what he did that particular twentieth day of December, as he stepped along as briskly as ever his fat little legs could carry him. He was in a hurry, partly because he was going home, partly because it was so very cold, and partly because he was *always* in a hurry.

He lived in Brooklyn, and he should have taken the cars across the bridge on so bitter a night—and the snow falling fast, too. But he knew very well he could never stand in the crowd on the cars

without talking to somebody; and he was certain that if he did talk, he would surely tell all about what made him so very, very happy, and that, of course, would not do. For who wanted to know his private affairs?

Naturally enough *you* want to know why he was so very, very happy, and you shall know. The firm for which he worked had, that very evening, given him twenty-five dollars for a Christmas present. He had expected twenty dollars, for he had always had that much given him; and he had, days and days before, arranged for the spending of it. But now he had five dollars more, and for the first time in his life he felt the delicious indecision which he knew every millionaire must feel as to how to spend his money.

All the way across the bridge he tried to think of the best way of spending that five dollars. Of course, if he had been a prudent man, he would have put it away in the savings-bank; but it is just as well to confess at once that Ned Joyce never was a very prudent man, and that at Christmas time he was not prudent at all.

He had not decided about the five dollars when he stepped off the bridge on the Brooklyn side. Still that was no reason why he should prolong his walk instead of going straight home. But he did. He gave the vest-pocket that held the precious twenty-five dollars a sounding thump with his pudgy hand, chuckled very gleefully and very loudly, and turned into Fulton street and walked up it, with all its merry lights winking back quiet Christmas jokes at him.

What do you suppose the silly fellow was going to do? Exactly what he had done every night for the past two weeks—look into the store windows and gloat over the presents he was going to buy for the three little Joyces snug at home in the little brown house.

But first there was the butcher's. He must stop and find out if George Stout had got him that sixteen-pound turkey. Sixteen pounds! Yes, sir; sixteen pounds! Oh, well! perhaps it was a bit extravagant; but what of it? Christmas was Christmas with Ned Joyce, and he not only loved to look at a plump brown turkey himself, but, what was more important, he counted on the joyous demonstrations of Roby and Essie when they saw it kicking up its heels as it came, all sizzling and snapping, out of the oven.

Sixteen pounds! yes, sir. And it would have

been twenty, only the oven would not hold it. Why, it was worth the price only to hear the shouts of surprise from Essie and Roby, while Betty, with all her twelve years and motherly dignity, would try to keep a straight face, all the time twinkling out sparks of fun across the table at her father!

Oh, well! He just had to laugh right out in the street at the very thought of it all. And he rubbed his hands merrily together as he peered through the frosted window of George Stout's butcher-shop to see if there was a specially large turkey hanging up there.

And as he peered and chuckled and slapped his vest-pocket, he noticed a little girl by his side, also peering through the window. Just about his Betty's age she was, but, dear me! not nearly so plump.

"Choosing your Christmas Turkey, eh?" he demanded, beaming pleasantly on her.

She turned a pinched face up at him and then, with a pitiful sort of timidity, drew away, saying in a low voice:

"No, sir."

"No harm in it. Bless my soul! No harm in it. Just what I'm doing."

Now, Ned Joyce had a pleasant voice. It was full and round, and seemed to have a lurking laugh in it. As he spoke to the little girl, it was pleasant and heartier than ever, for it had struck him at once that there was misery in the face before him, and he was sympathetic in a moment—not dolefully, but cheerily sympathetic however. Evidently the little girl felt his friendliness, for a smile flitted over her lips.

"Why," went on Ned Joyce, "I begin to think of my turkey weeks before it's time to eat it. Yes, indeed, I do. I'm very fond of turkey, I am. Are n't you?"

"Yes, sir, I guess so."

"You guess so! Bless my soul! don't you know for sure?"

"No, sir," answered the little girl, drawing back timidly at his vehemence.

"Tum-tum, hm-hm," hummed Ned, staring at the little girl in an uncomfortably fixed way. "You don't mean—hm-hm—You don't—Bless my soul, did you never taste turkey?"

"Not since I was a little girl."

"A little girl! Oh! (Does n't know how it tastes!" murmured Ned, under his breath. "My goodness! What a fine chance! She shall know; she shall know.")

He gave his vest-pocket such a vigorous thump that the little girl started.

"See here!" said he, putting his hand under her chin and holding her face up so that he could look into it. "That's dreadful. You must never

tell that to anybody. I'm going to give you a turkey, and you must take it home to your mother and have her cook it for Christmas dinner. Oh, it's all right, I'm Santa Claus. People don't generally know it, but I am; and it's my business to see that everybody has turkey for Christmas. Bless my heart! Come in here, and just say to your mother that Santa Claus sent it. Never tasted turkey!"

"Oh, sir, how good you are! But I have n't any mother."

"Have n't you, though? That's bad. Tell your father, then."

"I have n't any father either; only little Jamie."

"Only little Jamie, eh? That's bad, that's very bad. Who takes care of you, then?" asked Ned.

"We take care of ourselves. Jamie is n't well, but he crochets beautifully. I crochet, too; and we get along."

Ned Joyce was, now more than ever, sure that his extra five dollars had come to him by way of a special Providence. Here was just the chance to use it. And he did use it.

He bought a turkey and a bunch of celery and a pint of cranberries.

"That's for your dinner," he said. "But how will you get it cooked?"

The little girl told him of a kind neighbor that would gladly attend to that; and then he went to a store near by and bought her a warm hood, a pair of mittens, and a pair of rubbers, and still he had a dollar left out of the providential five.

"Now, let's go get something for Jamie," he said.

"But stop! How do we know what he wants. Do you know?"

"It'll be a book, I'm sure."

"Oh, ho! a book, eh? But what book? We must n't get the wrong book. That would n't do. See here! Take these bundles. That's it. Now there's a dollar for Jamie's book. Find out just what he wants, and get it for him, and say Santa Claus sent it. Good-night! Merry Christmas!"

And giving the spot over his vest-pocket a sounding clap, Ned went off at a trot, laughing and chuckling harder than ever.

Such spirits as he was in after that! Every time he came to a slide on the sidewalk, he would "take it," in "spread-eagle" style, with a jolly laugh, and then invite the boys to have a crack at him as he ran off. And every time a snow-ball struck him, he would laugh louder than ever.

Well, just fancy him getting home to the little brown house. What a romping-time! Roby was six—Essie was four. They climbed up on him at once, and he tumbled them and rolled them about as if they had been made of India rubber,

and motherly little Betty all the while putting on the supper and smiling demurely at them as if they were so many frolicsome kittens.

All through supper and all through the going to bed it was just the same merry time. It is a wonder Roby and Essie did not giggle all night. But they

and it certainly did look as if he had received the extra five dollars on purpose to make the little girl and Jamie know what a Christmas really could be like.

"And to think," said he, slapping his vest-pocket gratefully, "that I could do so much and still have my twenty—my twenty—my —"

He felt in the vest-pocket he had so often slapped, and repeated "my twenty" several times over. Then a serious look fell on his jolly face, and he felt in the other pocket, saying "my twenty" more slowly. Then a scared look took the place of the serious one, and he felt in both pockets at once.

Then he sprang to his feet and felt in his trousers-pockets; then in his coat-pockets; then in every one of his pockets; then he fell on his knees on the floor and began to search.

Betty asked for no explanation. She put the lamp on the floor and searched too. After a while Ned Joyce looked up and groaned:

"I must have given it to the little girl."

"And you don't know where she lives?" asked Betty.

"No," said her father.

"Oh, dear! But, Papa, maybe she 'll be waiting for you on the corner where you left her."

"Maybe she will. She looked like a good girl," said Ned, more cheerfully.

He put on his hat and coat and hurried out. He was gone an hour, and came back looking very dismal. You would not have believed jolly Ned Joyce could look so.

II.

THE little brown house Ned Joyce lived in had been a country cottage once; but that was long ago. The city of Brooklyn had grown up all around it, and there it stood, now, nestling so snugly in among the big brick houses, that tired



"THAT'S FOR YOUR DINNER," NED SAID.

did not. They just said their prayers, put their heads on their pillows, and the house was still.

Papa Ned and Betty sat in front of the cozy grate fire smiling lovingly at each other until it was quite certain that the little ones were sound asleep. Then Papa Ned could not keep still any longer, and he told Betty all about his good fortune—how he had received the extra five dollars, and how he had spent it on the poor little girl.

Of course, Betty approved. It seemed to her that he had done the only thing he could do,

city people always felt like turning in at the gate as if they were sure of finding rest there.

The Joyces could have filled every nook and corner of the little house, which was only two stories high, but as they could not afford to do that, they occupied only the lower floor and rented the upper story to a Mr. Job Skeens.

Now Job Skeens was as unlike Ned Joyce as you can imagine. There was, indeed, just such a difference between them as there was between the parts of the house they lived in. The lower story was broad and low and cheery-looking; so was Ned Joyce. The upper story, having a gable roof, was narrow and peaked and gave you an uncomfortable feeling of being full of sharp corners to bump against,—for all the world like Job Skeens.

He was very tall and very lean. His neck was so long that it kept his head lifted high up above his coat collar; his wrists were long, and his hands were bony, and his laugh was thin, dry, and sarcastic—very different from jolly Ned's.

The Joyces had very little to do with Mr. Skeens. They had once asked him to take supper with them and afterward spend the evening, but his queer looks and awkward ways so puzzled and disturbed them that the experiment was never tried again.

Of course, then, you can believe he was not the man Ned Joyce would choose for a comforter in his trouble. And, in fact, he would not even have spoken to him about it, had it not so happened that he met him at the gate next morning as both were going to business.

"Well! You don't look happy this morning, Mr. Joyce," said Mr. Skeens, in his vinegary voice, seeming positively pleased to see his usually jolly neighbor looking dismal.

"I don't feel happy, either, Mr. Skeens," answered Ned, dolefully.

"Sickness in the family? eh?"

It seemed to Ned that Mr. Skeens asked this

question with an air of pleased expectation, and, really, he felt like striking him for it. However, he restrained himself, and answered shortly:

"No, sir, thank you! we all are well."

With that he would have left Mr. Skeens; but that disagreeable fellow would not be left, and he so pestered Ned with his questions, that at last the poor fellow told him the whole story. Mr. Skeens listened with many a grimace, and, when Ned was through, he exclaimed in his chuckling way:

"Why don't you draw some money out of the bank? You'll never see your twenty dollars again."



"I MUST HAVE GIVEN IT TO THE LITTLE GIRL!"

"I have no money in the bank," said Ned, sadly.

"Then you can't have any Christmas presents, eh?" suggested Mr. Skeens.

"Not unless I find my money," Ned replied.

"Oh, you'll never find it!" said Mr. Skeens, adding with his most unpleasant laugh: "And your presents were all selected, too, eh?"

"They were, sir," said Ned, indignantly; "but I don't see anything in that to laugh at."

"Of course not—he-he—of course not. And you'll have to countermand the turkey, too." And Mr. Skeens seemed positively to glow with pleasure.

"Good-morning, sir," said Ned, warmly; "I could n't laugh at any man's misfortunes."

But Mr. Skeens laughed many times more that day, in his sarcastic style, as he sat in the dingy cellar, not far from Fulton street, where he kept a second-hand book-store. But finally something happened which made him chuckle with even greater delight.

Late in the afternoon a little girl came in and asked him if he had a copy of the "Arabian Nights."

"Yes," he replied; but he did not move to get it for her.

"May I see it?" she asked timidly.

"Third shelf, fifth book," he said, pointing to the place.

She reached up, took the book down, and opened it.

"It has n't any pictures," she said.

"I did n't say it had," said Mr. Skeens.

"I want one with pictures," she said.

"Fourth book further on, same shelf. Price, seventy-five cents," said the bookseller grimly, glancing at her over his spectacles.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl, opening the book.

"I know Jamie would like this better."

These words were said to herself, but Mr. Skeens heard them; and in an instant he was out of his chair, staring hard at his little customer. For her appearance and her mention of "Jamie" recalled Ned Joyce's story of that morning; and now, as she turned the leaves of the book, Mr. Skeens, looking closely at her, saw that she held in one hand a twenty-dollar bill.

"The very same girl, I'll wager!" he exclaimed under his breath; and, stepping forward, he peered down into her face and demanded:

"Did n't you get that twenty dollars last night from a little fat man?"

"Why—ye—yes, sir," she faltered in a terrible fright. "I—I was going to watch for him to-night."

"Oh, to be sure! very likely—quite probable. What's your name?" he asked.

"Molly Findley, sir. I was going to—indeed, I was. Here is the dollar bill; he gave me this one and told me to buy the book. He dropped the other, and I did n't see it at first. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Indeed I do. Here, give me that money," he demanded. "Or no," he added, as Molly held back hesitating, yet alarmed, "tell me where you live. I'll see him and let him know where he can find his money." Mr. Skeens laid his long fingers on Molly's shoulder. "You seem like an honest child," he said, "but I think, after all, I'd better shut up shop and go along with you to see if your story is true."

It was after he had been home with Mollie and had returned to his cellar, that he gave way to his glee.

"What luck!" he piped, in his thin voice, "for me to find his twenty dollars. I'll see that he does n't get 'em before Christmas. He would n't laugh at another man's misfortunes. O no! But I would. I must have a look at him to-night. How nice and dismal he did look!"

And, true enough, when he went home that night with Ned Joyce's twenty-dollar bill in his pocket, he knocked at the door, and then poked his head in to say, with a smile:

"Countermanded that turkey, yet?"

III.

Yes, Ned Joyce had countermanded the turkey. He had very bravely gone into the butcher-shop, and said:

"George, I can't take that turkey—that sixteen-pounder, you —"

There he broke down, and, with a pathetic wave of his hand, rushed out into the street. He turned out of the bright avenue, with a groan, and plunged despairingly up the first dark street. He was afraid he would see the presents he had so long before selected.

When he reached the little brown house, he did not hurry boisterously in, as was his custom. He stopped and looked as if he would like to run away. Three times he put his hand on the gate before he could summon the courage to open it.

Oh, but it was dreadful when he got inside, and was seized by the expectant Roby and Essie for the usual frolic! Of course he could not spoil their fun, so he tumbled them and rolled them, and laughed laughs that passed current with the babies, but sounded almost hideous to him. And when a hollow, dismal sigh would slip out in spite of him, he would pass it off for a joke, and try to do it again in a sportive way.

These sighs, being an entirely new feature of their fun, pleased Roby and Essie mightily, and they took to sighing with great gusto.

All this was hard enough to bear, but it was as nothing compared to what followed when they were all seated at the table and the conversation turned upon Santa Claus, and what he was going to give them. This very topic was the one in which poor Ned had always before had a great deal of joy. That night every mention of Santa Claus fell like a lump of lead on his heart.

It was a marvel how he lived through the days that came before Christmas without betraying himself to the babies. Betty would have had him stop pretending to be jolly with them, but he would not listen to such a thing.

Mr. Skeens was waiting at the gate the morn-

ing before Christmas when Ned came out of the house. If there had been any other way of getting out, Ned would have turned back; but as that was the only way, he kept on and tried to pass Mr. Skeens.

"No news of the money yet, eh?" said the latter, barring the gate-way by leaning upon it with his long body.

"Not any," said Ned.

"Then, I suppose, you wont have much use for your kitchen to-morrow, eh?"

"No, sir," said Ned, mournfully.

"Of course not! Well, I thought I'd have a dinner-party to-morrow. Think of me having a dinner-party! And I thought that, seeing you had no turkey nor anything like a Christmas, you might let me have the use of your stove, eh?"

Almost anybody else would have refused, but Ned did not. He said, "Yes." Whereat Mr. Skeens grinned and went on:

"I'm going to have quite a party, and my rooms are a little small, you know. I s'pose you wont mind letting me use your back room as a dining-room, eh?"

"You may have it."

"And I don't know much about cooking turkey," Mr. Skeens went on. "Do you suppose I could get your Betty, now, to cook mine for me, eh?"

There was a sudden flash in Ned's mild eye, and he hesitated a moment. Then he said very gently:

"Yes, Betty will cook it for you."

Mr. Skeens's delight at this assent was so great as to be inexpressible for more than a minute. He went through so many of his awkward grins and gestures that the three children watching at the window began to feel very uncomfortable.

"My turkey's a big one," he said; "I'll agree to match that sixteen-pounder that you had to give up. I'll send the things home to-day."

Ned stared at him a moment, and then turned away.

"He's just trying to make us feel as badly as he can," he thought.

But there was no need for such an attempt, for nothing Job Skeens might do could make poor Ned feel any worse. It was simply impossible to be more unhappy than was he that Christmas Eve and night. He dreaded the coming of morning, when he should see the disappointment of the babies upon learning that Santa Claus—the Santa Claus from whom he himself had taught them to expect Christmas gifts—had passed them by.

But it made no difference how much he dreaded it, that morning would come just as morning always comes. And when it did come, it found him fast asleep. He had felt so unhappy that he had not supposed he could sleep at all, but he did.

To be sure, his sleep did not do him much good, for he had the most harrowing dreams of Roby and Essie refusing to kiss him because he had deceived them about Santa Claus; and when, in his sorrow, he groaned dismally, it seemed as if those precious babies mocked him in a series of the most awful groans he had ever heard, in the midst of which sounded Job Skeens's jeering chuckle, pitched appallingly high, and prolonged into a sort of shriek.

But just then he heard Betty's cheery voice. "Oh, Popsy," she said, "do get up quick. The most wonderful thing has happened! Don't you hear Roby and Essie?"

"Why, to be sure. That's what I took for groans, I suppose."

Now you can imagine the horror of the sounds he had heard in his dream; for Roby and Essie were performing with all their might and main, the one on a drum and the other on a tin horn.

"Very likely," said Betty; "but do come quick, Popsy."

"What is it?" asked Ned, staring as if he were not yet sure that he was awake.

"Oh, I can't tell you! You must come."

It would be useless—simply useless to try to describe what Ned Joyce felt or thought when he looked into the dining-room. And this you will not doubt when you know what he saw.

The room was literally piled with Christmas presents. Piled is the only word for it. It was just as if Santa Claus had emptied his bundles right into the room. And there were Roby and Essie, exactly as they had tumbled out of bed, prancing about from one thing to another, shrieking and squealing with delight, and all the time keeping up the drumming and horn-blowing as if they could not stop.

After Ned had vigorously rubbed his eyes, to make sure that he was awake, he turned to Betty and stared at her. She stared back.

"Well!" gasped he, "where did they come from?"

"I don't know. I heard the children shouting and screaming, and came in here, and there they were with all these things. They say Santa Claus brought them; but they are truly meant for us, for here are our names on the bundles."

Ned looked solemn for a moment, then a bright smile broke over his face, and he beamed on Betty like his old jolly self, and said with a grateful quaver in his voice:

"I don't know who sent them, or how they came here, Betty; but let's enjoy them and be thankful."

Whoever put the things there, or how they could

be put there, was a mystery which only grew greater as they tried to solve it. But it was evident that the affair had been carefully planned, for every one received just the most fitting gifts.

If any one had been specially favored, perhaps it was Betty; and it seemed to her that she had everything she could possibly wish for.

"Why," said Ned in amazement, as he examined all the presents, "I never saw such a Christmas in my life!"

He even decided that the turkey, now, was not worth a regret, and he declared that he must help get Mr. Skeens's dinner. Never was there such fun in the jolly Joyce household as when Ned put on a big apron — big for Betty, but small for him — and installed himself as assistant cook. It is a wonder Betty did anything right with those three children under her feet all the time.

But she did; dear me, yes, she did. Ask any of Mr. Skeens's guests of that day, if ever they ate a better dinner than that little twelve-year-old cook prepared for them. But about those guests of Mr. Skeens. They ought to be mentioned. Yes, indeed, they ought to be mentioned, at least. Not that they have anything to do with the story — oh, no! But they ought to be mentioned.

They began to arrive at half-past twelve. The bell rang, and the Joyces waited to let Mr. Skeens admit his guests. But the bell rang, and rang, and he did not come down; so Betty ran to the door, while Ned hurried off his apron and went into the dining-room to welcome the inhospitable Mr. Skeens's guests. And how do you suppose he did it? The moment he saw them he cried out:

"Why! why! Bless my soul!"

And a prolonged and joyous "oh-h-h!" was the reception he had. The next moment there was such a talking as you will never hear outside of the Joyce house.

The guests were Molly Findley and her little brother Jamie.

"How did you find me?" cried Ned.

"I did n't find you. I was invited here to dinner, and I was to give you this."

"This" was an envelope, which Ned tore open at once. Of course, a twenty-dollar bill was inside of it.

"He told me to give it to you," said Molly.

"He? Who's he?" demanded Ned.

"Why, the gentleman who invited us here. Where is he?" said Molly.

"A gentleman? — who invited you? — Who can it be? — What does he look like?" asked Ned.

"He's a tall man. He keeps a second-hand book-store on —"

"Mr. Skeens!" interrupted Betty, with a shout of astonishment.

For just one moment, Ned held his head in his hands as if he were afraid of losing it. Then he tore out of the door and bounded upstairs and thumped like mad on Mr. Skeens's door.

"Stop that noise. What d'ye want?" snapped Mr. Skeens.

"I want you. Open the door!" and Ned twisted and turned the knob and pushed the door as if he would stop at nothing to get in.

"I wont open the door. Go 'way!" snarled Mr. Skeens.

"I wont go away. I'll break the door down if you don't let me in. Indeed I will," shouted Ned.

There was so little doubt that Ned was in earnest, that Mr. Skeens said:

"Don't be silly, then. Don't be silly."

"I wont be silly," cried Ned.

Mr. Skeens had evidently been afraid that Ned would come after him, and had barricaded the door; for Ned could hear him moving chairs and heavy objects away from it.

All the while, Ned was dancing excitedly up and down on the landing; and all the children, with wide-open eyes and mouths, were staring up at him.

When the door finally opened, Ned gave one jump and caught the long Mr. Skeens in his arms, and, somehow or other, got him downstairs and into the dining-room.

"Now, now — don't be silly. Don't be silly," said Mr. Skeens, looking both happy and uncomfortable.

"I wont, oh, I wont!" said Ned, catching one of Mr. Skeens's ungainly hands and shaking it vigorously; "but I've found you out. Betty, we've found him out — eh, Betty? Roby! Essie! Here's Santa Claus. Here he is! Just think of it! Roby, Essie, here he is — here's the Santa Claus that gave you all those fine things."

Betty slipped up to the awkward-looking man and took his other hand gently in her little hands and smiled gratefully up into his face.

Roby and Essie, having too little penetration to discover the meaning of all the fuss, retreated together to the other side of the room and stared silently. "A scheming old Santa Claus, is n't he, now?" cried Ned, again shaking the bony hand.

The sound rather than the sense of the words seemed to strike Roby's fancy, for he nodded his head violently, and cried out with an odd look on his face, "Yes, Popsy, that's just what he is, — a skinny old Santa Claus!" he said.

Whereupon everybody but Mr. Skeens was horror-struck. He seemed not to mind it at all, but spoke up at once:

"Of course," he said, "the chimneys are so small nowadays it has pulled me all out of shape getting down them."

Then he chuckled in his peculiar way, which somehow did not seem forbidding now; and he smiled at jolly Ned, and they both laughed—each in his own way—at Roby's innocent little joke.

After which they had dinner as quickly as ever Betty could serve it, for, come to find out, the guests

How did those Christmas presents get into our rooms?"

At this question Mr. Skeens chuckled in his drollest way, and, looking across the table at Ned, he drew a key from his pocket and said:

"Here 's the key to your back room, sir."

Ned laughed knowingly, and reached out to take it. But, suddenly checking himself, he withdrew his hand and said in his most hearty manner:



"WE 'VE FOUND HIM OUT!" EXCLAIMED NED."

were only Molly and Jamie and the Joyces. Of course, a plate was put on for Mr. Skeens, though he had not thought before of eating with them.

But, in the midst of the dinner, Ned suddenly abandoned his knife and fork, leaned back in his chair, and exclaimed:

"I 've a bone to pick with you, Mr. Skeens.

"No, thank you. Keep it, my good friend. Nobody's door is ever closed to Santa Claus!"

Do you know what the Joyces discovered? That Job Skeens, in spite of his queer looks and eccentric ways, was as tender-hearted and good—that is almost, not quite as good—as Popsy Joyce himself.

For Children dear

I'll sing you a song,
Tis not very long;
The Woodcock and the Sparrow,
The old Burnie Bee,
The blossoming Tree,
And the turreted Town of Yarrow.



these words and pictures by Brennan: *SAFETY*
the same being from that rare old book: *Te Kronicle of TIBICEN.*

The Woodcock, he
And the Old Burnie Bee,
Set out for distant Yarrow
And close by the Tree,
The blossoming Tree.
The Woodcock fought the Sparrow.



Now the Old Burnie Bee,
And Sir Woodcock, see
Well on the road to Yarrow;
And another tree,
A blossoming tree,
But never another Sparrow.





For the Woodcock true,
Without ado,
Just killed the fussy Sparrow,
And to this day,
The town's folk say,
Not one is seen in Yarrow.



JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES C. BAYLOR.

CHAPTER II.

How is it possible to paint the grief of the poor Señora, the gentle, affectionate mother on whom had fallen so heavy a calamity?

First one neighbor and then another rushed in, ashy pale, terrified, incoherent, bringing ever more and more dreadful news, as the night came on, of her losses and of theirs. Upon hearing that her husband had been killed, and that her children were missing, the poor soul gave one heartrending scream, and, fainting, lay as one dead for so long that she was supposed at one time to have gone beyond the reach of sorrow. But at last the dark eyes opened again, and with memory came anguish unutterable.

"Oh, tell me! where are they? Oh, my children! My little ones!" she cried out to the circle of sympathizers gathered at the *hacienda*, as she paced to and fro weeping and wringing her hands, or cast herself down on the floor in despair.

When daylight came, she, with old Santiago and one of the herders, went out into the country and looked everywhere for some trace of the children. But hours and hours of search revealed nothing except Juan's hat, which had fallen off in his encounter with the squaw. Early as it was, Don José's body had been already taken up by the neighbors. And that afternoon it was borne away by a small cavalcade of horsemen into Santa Rosa, where it was buried in the little plot of ground attached to the Church of the Conception.

Slowly and sadly the days went by for the Señora, days of weeping, of endurance, of patient toil. For some things she had no heart. The *serapa*, on which she had expended such loving care, remained unfinished. The flowers, uncared for, bloomed and spread, or withered and died, as the case might be. There were no songs now in the *hacienda*, but every moment of waking thought with the Señora was an inarticulate prayer for Juan and Juanita. Of the boy, it comforted her to remember that he was strong, active, courageous. If he were in captivity with

the Indians, he would not suffer as a delicate child would have done. He might even shield and protect his little sister. But poor little Juanita—at thought of her, so young, timid, helpless, the Señora's eyes always overflowed.

As for the *vaqueros* who had followed the Indians, they soon returned. The pursuit of Comanches by Mexicans at any time, is much like that of a hawk by a canary, and when the Indians have the advantage of twelve hours' start in flight, the pursuers might as well expect to overtake a thunder-bolt.

So when the *vaqueros* went clattering over the stony streets of Santa Rosa in the early morning, the Indians felt themselves already out of danger, and were leisurely taking their way toward the Rio Grande, with the intention of crossing that river and going up to the head-waters of the Colorado, in northern Texas. This was their abiding-place,—one can scarcely say *Aome*, for that word, so full of sacred and civilized associations, has little in common with the mountain lair in which those savages spent the intervals between their murderous forays. But, like Issachar, these wandering tribes know where to couch as well as when to spring, and there is no more beautiful country than that lying between the two great rivers, the Brazos and the Colorado, where they enter the *Llanos Estacados*.^{*} It is a country of bold cañons and lovely valleys abounding in game,—bears, deer, turkeys, antelopes,—with wild bees swarming in every rocky cliff and feeding upon the wild plum, which blooms there in great variety of color and size, and upon the wild grape, which perfumes the air for miles with its delicious odor.

Near one of the many clear lakes that industrious beavers have created throughout that region (a tranquil sheet of water, overshadowed by tall cotton-wood trees and graceful willows, with silvery, many-tinted fish leaping, gliding, winding in its cool depths) the Comanches came at last to a full halt, after a journey that had sorely tried their little captives. The horses, cattle, and sheep that had been stolen were turned out to pasture, as were the

^{*} The Staked Plain.

jaded animals the savages had ridden. There was nothing to do now but to eat, sleep, rest, and get ready for another raid on the frontier settlements. The encampment was reached at night, and the children, half dead with fatigue, were taken to the lodge of their protector, the old Chief Shaneco, where they at once dropped off into a sleep of profound exhaustion that lasted ten hours.

When Juanita opened her eyes next morning, she was quite dazed, and could not at first make out where she was. The first object that she saw was a familiar one. It was Amigo, who had spent the night curled up at her feet; now advancing, he poked his nose into her face and began to lick her right cheek. Juanita pushed him away and sat up, rubbing her eyes. She then began to look about her, and her glance wandered from the sleeping Juan to the skins stretched over poles that formed the walls of the lodge, and to Shaneco snoring loudly opposite, apparently a mere heap of buckskin and blanket. In a flash, the past came back to her, and she was throbbing with tumultuous emotions,—love, grief, fear, despair. So bitter were the memories of her mother, home, and past happiness, that the tears could not be kept back, and she cried loud enough to wake Juan, if not the chief, although she made several convulsive efforts at repression. Juan put his arms about her and called her his "*querida hermanita*,"^{*} kissed and embraced her, and did all he could to soothe her. Even Amigo understood that something was wrong, and, thrusting his rough head against her shoulder, looked up into her face and whined uneasily.

The truth was that Amigo had his misgivings from the first about the Comanche journey. When the children were put upon the horses, he perfectly comprehended that it was not the proper place for them, and barked furiously for a while. But having thus made public his disapproval of the proceedings, and finding that no one paid the slightest attention to his remonstrance, he very sensibly held his peace; and during the journey that followed, he trotted patiently in the wake of the company, determined, no doubt, to be the guardian and protector of Juan and Juanita, come what might.

The three friends were still comforting one another by love, expressed as plainly in Amigo's honest eyes as by Juan's lips, and were still caressing one another, when the squaw glanced in and saw them. She beckoned to the children to come outside. They obeyed, and, picking up a piece of mezquite wood, she pointed toward a thicket at a little distance and made them understand that they were to go there and get the fuel she needed.

The children came back with their arms full

of mezquite, and were then given their first lesson in Comanche housekeeping, and with many blows from the squaw were taught how to build a fire in the Indian fashion. Old Shaneco was never cruel to the little captives, and was sometimes even kind, but his young wife was a shrew, and a hard taskmistress to two children who had been accustomed to do very much as they pleased, and had never known what it was to be harshly treated.

They suffered very much, indeed, from the hardships of their new life, and from homesickness and the utter want of anything like kindness or sympathy; but when to these hardships were added slavery, endless tasks, and constant beatings, it is no wonder that they were utterly wretched and felt that they could not bear it.

The poor, foolish little rebels could think of but one way out of their troubles, and that was to run away. They ran away accordingly, and were, of course, almost immediately recaptured, and so dreadfully punished that they were in no hurry to repeat the experiment. The desire for freedom, the passionate longing to return home, remained indeed, and strengthened as time went on; but they had been taught by their recent experience how completely they were in the power of their enemies, and dimly realized that they would have to be a great deal older, wiser, and stronger, before they could cope successfully with them.

The image of their mother, alone and ever-sorrowful, never left the children; and they were constantly picturing to themselves a joyful reunion. They talked of it when they were alone, and together made their simple plans for bringing it about.

"I will learn all that I can from the Indians, and when we get big we will give them the slip; and if they overtake us, I will kill four or five chiefs, and the others will get frightened and run away, and then I will take you to our mother and say, 'Here is Juanita brought back to you, dear Mother!'" In this way Juan would often declaim to his sister with simple boastfulness.

"And I will look everywhere for blackberries, and save them up to eat on the way. But you must wait until some time when Casteel is on the war-path. I am so afraid of Casteel," Juanita would reply.

"I am not afraid of Casteel. If he ever troubles me, I will run a spear into him, and shoot him, and cut off his head," said Juan, with more spirit than truth; for he *was* afraid of Casteel, but, like many older and wiser folk, he naturally wished to make a good figure in an encounter which was purely imaginary.

It has been seen, though, that Juan was a bold, courageous lad, and happily he was not long enough under the cruel rule of Shaneco's wife to

^{*} Dear little sister.

lose this fine natural temper and develop into a timid, cowed creature, afraid of everything; for in the second year of his captivity she died.

After that, things went more smoothly at the lodge. Instead of being treated as captives, Juan and his sister were now made as much a part of

as will appear later. And it was founded on sounder principles than those of many civilized parents and guardians, since it was admirably suited to their needs, and fitted these young savages perfectly for the life they were to lead. Truth to tell, Shaneco had gradually come to feel a certain interest

in the white-faced little girl, whose gentle, pretty ways, obedience, and youth disarmed hostility, and for the intelligent boy, who was so eager to learn all that his savage guardian could teach that it is a wonder no suspicion of what was in Juan's mind ever entered the brain of his crafty teacher.

The children were now much happier, and showed it, which doubtless gave Shaneco the idea that they were quite reconciled to the prospect of becoming Comanches and had forgotten, or soon would forget, all about their old home. He knew too, although the children did not, all the difficulties that would attend any attempt to escape to the settlements — perils great enough to daunt the bravest man — a wilderness of three hundred miles to traverse; hunger, thirst, exposure, ending in almost certain death, either by starvation, or by violence from savage tribes, or from wild beasts scarcely more savage. That two children, without horses, arms, or older companions, should dream of taking such a journey never occurred to him; and, indeed, if they had been anything except children, and, as such, ignorant of its dangers and risks, they never would



"JUAN DID ALL HE COULD TO COMFORT HIS SISTER."

the tribe as though they had been born in it, and Shaneco may be said to have directed their education, which, if different from that of civilized children, was far more valuable to our little Mexicans than any that Paris or London could have afforded,

have entertained the plan for a moment. But, having come to them, the idea struck its roots ever deeper, and it became at last a fixed resolve; and even when, as they grew older, some of the difficulties of the undertaking became known to them,

they refused to recognize them as insurmountable, and would not give up their long-cherished plan.

Even among his Indian playfellows, Juan soon became conspicuous for his activity and endurance, his strength, courage, and skill, whether shown in running, leaping, swimming, wrestling, climbing, or in more serious occupations. Shaneco often felt proud of him, though he never said so, at least to Juan. But the boy understood the grunt of approval, and the gleam of warmth that came into the warrior's cold eyes when Juan ran like a lizard up to the very top of a fine cotton-wood, and then dropped swiftly from branch to branch until he lightly sprang to earth and stood again by Shaneco's side, radiant and breathless; or when he borrowed the chief's bow and arrow for a moment, and made a shot that would not have disgraced any man in the tribe.

Naturally a manly lad, he took very kindly to the hardy, open-air life, and, besides, had set himself in earnest to excel; while Shaneco, seeing only the result, and not the motive, thought that the wisdom of his decision to spare the children was justified. At such times he would turn an "I told you so!" glance upon Casteel, who had been of the capturing party, and had been opposed to taking any prisoners; as he was opposed to the introduction of any foreign element into the tribe. He would have knocked either of the children upon the head as soon as fill his pipe, had they not possessed a powerful protector. Many a kick and cuff did he give them as it was, and there was a restrained brutality in his manner toward them that quite subjugated Juanita and made her tremble when she heard his step. It was chiefly owing to his counsels and distrust that Juan was never allowed to carry any weapon except a toy-bow and its arrows, with which, however, he practiced incessantly and became so expert that the more good-natured of the warriors willingly lent him their bows, now and then, taking good care to keep an eye on him all the while.

At that time not many guns or fixed ammunition were in the hands of the Indians. A bow was still indispensable to a warrior, and a good one was considered equivalent in value to a well-trained warhorse.

The more proficient Juan became with his toy-bow, the more discontented he grew with its limited capacities, and the more he longed for his ideal bow. This should be one like Shaneco's, made of the best wood, without a flaw or knot in it, as light and as strong as steel, yet elastic; with its quiver beautifully ornamented with beads and eagle

feathers, and the claws of a mountain lion and a grizzly bear; furnished, moreover, with the best arrows, striped in gaudy colors and prettily feathered with the feathers of the yellow-hammer. It was true that Juan had killed many a quail and rabbits, squirrels, and small game without end, and had even knocked the feathers out of a wild turkey; but what was that compared with what he could do if he only had a proper bow? The very sight of Shaneco's filled Juan with envious irritation. All his sport in the present, and all his hopes for the future, depended on his getting such a bow, and how to get it was a problem he was always trying to solve. He spent hours in thinking about it, and sighed profoundly because he had no warhorse to give in exchange for one. He knew that he had neither the skill nor the chance to make one. He begged for one repeatedly, only invariably to be refused, until he despaired of getting one, and was always pouring his woe and want and grievous disappointment into Juanita's sympathetic ears.

"How am I ever to take you home with *this* thing?" he would say, kicking his bow contemptuously away a yard or two.

"Sh—h! speak Spanish!" she replied, looking anxiously around to see whether they were overheard. Both had rapidly picked up the Comanche tongue, and they only reverted to their own language when they were alone.

"It is not such a bad bow. I shot a rabbit with it this morning. And it is all you have," she added.

"But don't I tell you that we shall be prisoners forever unless I can get a better?" he said impatiently.

"Be patient, Juan; perhaps Shaneco will teach you how to make one, or give you one," she said, to cheer him.

"No, no! he never will," replied Juan disconsolately. "What *shall* I do?"

And the boy was right. Shaneco taught Juan a great many things—how to snare quail and rabbits, how to fish and shoot, how to imitate the cry of wild turkeys, how to follow an enemy's trail, and prevent the latter from returning the compliment, how to travel at night by the stars, and in the daytime by the sun and by the moss growing on the trees, and much other woodcraft; but the chief never let his protégé have a bow such as he coveted, and finally showed displeasure when urged to grant the request. There was nothing for Juan to do but bide his time, and, afraid of arousing suspicion, he at last dropped the subject altogether, but was none the less resolved to get that bow.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

BY ROSE LATTIMORE ALLING.



VERY animated sounds of conversation and a strong smell of turpentine filled the air. The girls were gilding baskets, and every one was trying to see how near she could come to telling a secret without quite doing it. "Your present, Floy, is just over there in the draw-

er," said Nellie, at whose house her two friends were spending the afternoon.

"Let me see," reflected Floy. "If it is in so small a place, it *is* n't a house and lot, as I had hoped."

"Nor a phaeton," added Madge.

"No, nor a pony. Nellie, I am disappointed — it must be something quite minute — hum, is it a foot long?" Floy asked.

"No," Nellie laughed.

"Six inches?"

Nell measured with her fingers under the edge of the table, and said she thought not.

"Well, then, it is *nearly* six inches," Floy cried triumphantly; "and as there are n't many things so small, I'm going to guess! Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

The three brushes were suspended, while Nell answered slowly, "mineral."

"Ah — not quite six inches long — and mineral —"

"Hat-pin," Madge suggested.

Nell laughed, but feeling that the strings of the bag that held her cat were getting rather loose, she begged that the guessing stop.

"All right," assented Floy, "only I *think* I know, but I won't tell; would you gild this handle gold or bronze? But my present for you represents two kingdoms — mineral *and* animal."

"Mineral and animal," Nell repeated. "Oh, I know, a leathern box with a brass key!"

"No, try again."

"A purse with a metal clasp?"

"No, no," exclaimed Floy excitedly, "but let's stop this, it would be so horrid really to know."

"But it's fun to *almost* know, and I have n't had a chance to guess yet."

"You'll get just what you most wish for," said Floy.

"Then I shall be happy indeed!" exclaimed Madge, adding mischievously: "Let me see, I'll get some new furs, a silver button-hook, a little candlestick to go with my birthday seal, a cut-glass smelling-bottle, a new writing-desk, and, well, several other mere trifles."

"Modest demands, I'm sure! Perhaps I'll get them all for you; one so easily pleased should be gratified," said Floy, while she and Nell exchanged significant glances and smiled mysteriously at Madge.

For, of course, Nell knew what Floy had for Madge, and what Madge had for Floy; Floy knew what Nell had for Madge, and what Madge had for Nell; while Madge knew what Nell had for Floy, and what Floy had for Nell; and with this bewildering lot of profound secrets, every girl felt in a delightfully uncertain state as to whether she were confiding the right thing to the right person or not. That very afternoon, had not Nell thought she should "just die of fright"? She was fitting a little candle into the little candlestick which she had bought for Madge, when she heard Floy coming upstairs; she knew it was Floy, she heard her voice; nevertheless she cried out in terror, "Oh, Madge, don't come in! *Did* you see it? Oh, dear, I believe you did!" And, flying wildly toward the bureau, she suddenly stopped and said in a tone of disgust, "*What* a goose I am! Of course *you* can come in; I forgot you were not Madge, and I was looking straight at you, too!"

"And it is the candlestick I helped you to select!" shouted Floy, sinking into a chair weak with laughter.

After every one of the three had almost let the others peep figuratively into the box or closet where her gifts were stowed, yet leaving in the mind of each a more tantalizing and fascinating doubt than before, they settled down to steady work, glorifying splint-baskets, and cones, and old oil bottles, and fingers, till Madge broke out again:

"Oh, Nell, have you anything for Belle Nash?"

"No, I have n't! Why?"

"Because she has something for you; she showed it to me."

"You don't say so! Why, I wonder what put it into her head to give me anything. Dear me! then I shall have to give her something. Sometimes I think Christmas is a nuisance."

Nellie said this, as she finished her last basket, with a sigh, and then, after pouring out more varnish, she continued: "It is give and take, and take and give, and each is so afraid of being outdone by others that she spends more than she ought."

"And," Floy interrupted, "it is like paying off a lot of creditors."

"I suppose it is n't the true spirit of giving," Madge remarked, "for we must admit that we ought to love to give."

"I wonder," said Nell, tipping her head to one side as she critically examined a newly bronzed cone, "I wonder how it would be to give one present where you could n't possibly expect a thing in return."



"SOMETIMES I THINK CHRISTMAS IS A NUISANCE," SAID NELLIE."

"Very, very disappointing, I assure you," said Madge with a laugh.

"Yes, as it appears to us now," said Nellie; "but I really wonder how it would make one feel."

"But it is so embarrassing to be thanked by a poor but worthy person; you could n't help getting thanks, you know, Nellie dear," said Floy.

"Yes, I could, too; I need n't let the person know who gave the present," said Nell soberly, adding with a smile, "I also wonder if I ever can get this gilt out from under my nail."

The girls laughed, and as they rose to go, Nell remarked that she thought it would be only fair that they should come again to her house the next afternoon to make their sachet bags, for the sake of alternating odors.

This was agreed upon, and they finally started off, after making Nell promise faithfully to find out if Belle had anything for them.

"And if she has, find out what," Madge called back.

"I'll do my best," Nell promised, while she thought, "Oh, dear, there is something wrong about all this, and I don't know just what it is, nor whom to blame."

With this unhappy little feeling, she walked to the window, where she stood tapping idly on the glass and looking after her friends as they went down the street. When they had disappeared, she found herself watching a small boy zigzagging up the street, making a sudden glow among the snow-flakes in the halo of each lamp as it was lit. Now he was scrambling up the post right in front of the house; she noticed how spider-like he was; the first match broke off, but he struck another in a jiffy, wriggled down again, and was away to the next post. Just then, Nell's brother Alf burst into the room, with:

"I say, Nell, have you seen my mittens anywhere?"

"No, Alf, I have n't, I'm sorry to say; but very

likely they are hung up on the floor, somewhere. Prowl around awhile and you 'll find them."

"But, I'm in a tearing hurry; I'm going coasting—and I must have 'em—it's nipping cold!" And he banged around, looking in all sorts of impossible places, and getting more impatient every minute.

"Wait a moment, Alf dear," Nell advised, "don't get in such a heat, or you 'll melt the ice. If the gloves are n't in the coal-scuttle *nor* in the lamp-chimney, as you seem to suspect, it is just possible that, by some blunder, they are where they belong, on the hall table. Yes, actually, here they are!"

"Thanks, awfully," said Alf.

"One moment more, Alf, please," said Nell, "do you know the boy who lights the lamps on this street?"

"Know him? No; not if I know myself; that is; not on *purpose*. Bye-bye, tra-la!" and with his good heart, bad manners, and worse language, out he went, with a final bang.

Nellie Hildreth was not particularly good, nor particularly bad; she enjoyed her bright life without bothering about others, and was only more or less selfish, as most young people are apt to be, chiefly because she had not viewed life from anybody else's stand-point, which is the mainspring of generosity. But, already several disagreeable things had occurred to her, making her feel, for the first time in her life, a vague suspicion that there might possibly be higher motives of action than personal enjoyment or passing fancy.

These disturbing and unwelcome thoughts thrust themselves on her attention in quite an impertinent way, and seemed to intimate that, though unasked, they had come to stay. So they reasserted themselves as she sat all the evening at her work, and she repeated to herself that there *was* something inconsistent with the real spirit of Christmas in the way she and her friends were giving gifts. Several little imps of remembrance seemed to jeer at her from the corners of her mind. One reminded her of how she had found, at a counter of bargains in books, a volume which she had long been wishing to give to Amy Kent, and which she had joyfully purchased for sixty-eight cents; and how, when two days later she had discovered Amy mousing over that very collection, she had instantly decided to give the book to Lena Denison (who cared nothing for the author), *because* Amy must have discovered the *price* of the book!

No sooner had this leering sprite disappeared than another recalled to her mind the fact that she was spending twice as much on Lillie Phelps as on any other one friend. And because she loved her twice as well? No, quite the contrary;

only because Lillie was rich and never gave any but handsome things, and as there was an old family friendship between the Phelps and the Hildreths, one of these expensive articles always came to Nellie. And, because of this, she must always strain her purse and scrimp those she loved in order to make some suitable return!

"Suitable return" was so good a bit of closing sarcasm that Nellie thought she would end her self-arraignment for the night.

"Only two days to wait in before Christmas!" was Nellie's first nervous thought as she awoke in the cold darkness of early morning. But *was* it morning, Nellie wondered; it was either half-past five or twenty minutes after six, she could n't tell which. Well, she *must* know. So up she jumped, shivering in the chill air, to peer at the clock, and just as she had discovered it to be after six, the bright square of light on the wall was suddenly blotted out. Stepping to the window, she was in time to see a small, thin figure scrambling up the lamp-post just beyond, and out went that light.



"Oh, I've caught you at it at last! I've always wondered when they were turned off," thought Nell, hurrying into her warm bed again for another hour of sleep. "How cold it must be! Think of getting up at five o'clock on such a morning as this! I hope he is warmly dressed.

Why! he must be the same boy who lighted them!" And now, nestling into the thick blankets, she remembered that his hands were bare, his clothes scanty. Yet her brother, with his big coat buttoned about his well-fed body, must have warm mittens also. Why! was it possible that there were suffering people passing her very house? She had thought that her mother performed the necessary charities for the entire family. The servant-girl and the washerwoman were well looked after; but then, this cold little boy, earning a small sum on dark, freezing mornings, when other people were fast asleep in warm beds, did n't seem to be anybody's servant-girl or washerwoman. "Ah," Nell exclaimed to herself, when her thoughts had gone thus far, "now I've found the unsuspecting object of my bounty!" And she snuggled into the pillow to concoct rapid plans, until the rising-bell rang before she knew how the time had passed.

Alf was, it must be admitted, a torment; but there was nothing he would not undertake for his sister, provided he were first allowed a season of teasing, which preliminary he considered his right. Hence it was that Nell felt sure of help when she determined to gain Alf's alliance in her design, which was to be kept a secret from all but her mother.

After breakfast, she cornered her brother in the pantry, where he was providing against possible starvation while on a skating expedition.

"Oh, Alf!" she began, "I've another secret!"

"Don't tell it to me! I'm ready to burst now," he said, warningly but thickly, as he had, with great decision of character, concluded to eat at once all the broken pieces he brought up out of the cookie jar. "Not another secret for me!" he added. "Did n't I go and tell Mother last night that I forgot to stop at King's for her new gold thimble that you left to be marked; and——"

"Oh, Alfred Hildreth! you *did* n't tell Mother that!" Nellie groaned in distress.

"Well, hold on, Miss Highty-Tighty! I just asked you *if* I did; personally, I thought I *did* n't; but then, it's just as you say."

"You dreadful boy, how you frightened me! But do be careful."

"I would n't like to tell a secret, but I certainly shall, if you give me another. Do I look like a

man who would willingly betray a confidence? But there is a point where I should go off like a pop-gun; so beware."

Nellie laughed, but insisted on reposing just one more secret in his adamant breast.

"Fire away, then!" he said, at last, trying to see if his coat would button over the bulging pockets.

"Now, Alf, don't tell a living soul, except Mother. She must know. I want you to find out who the boy is that lights the gas on this street."

"Whew!" whistled Alf. "Why, you asked yes-



"NOT ANOTHER SECRET FOR ME!" SAID ALF.

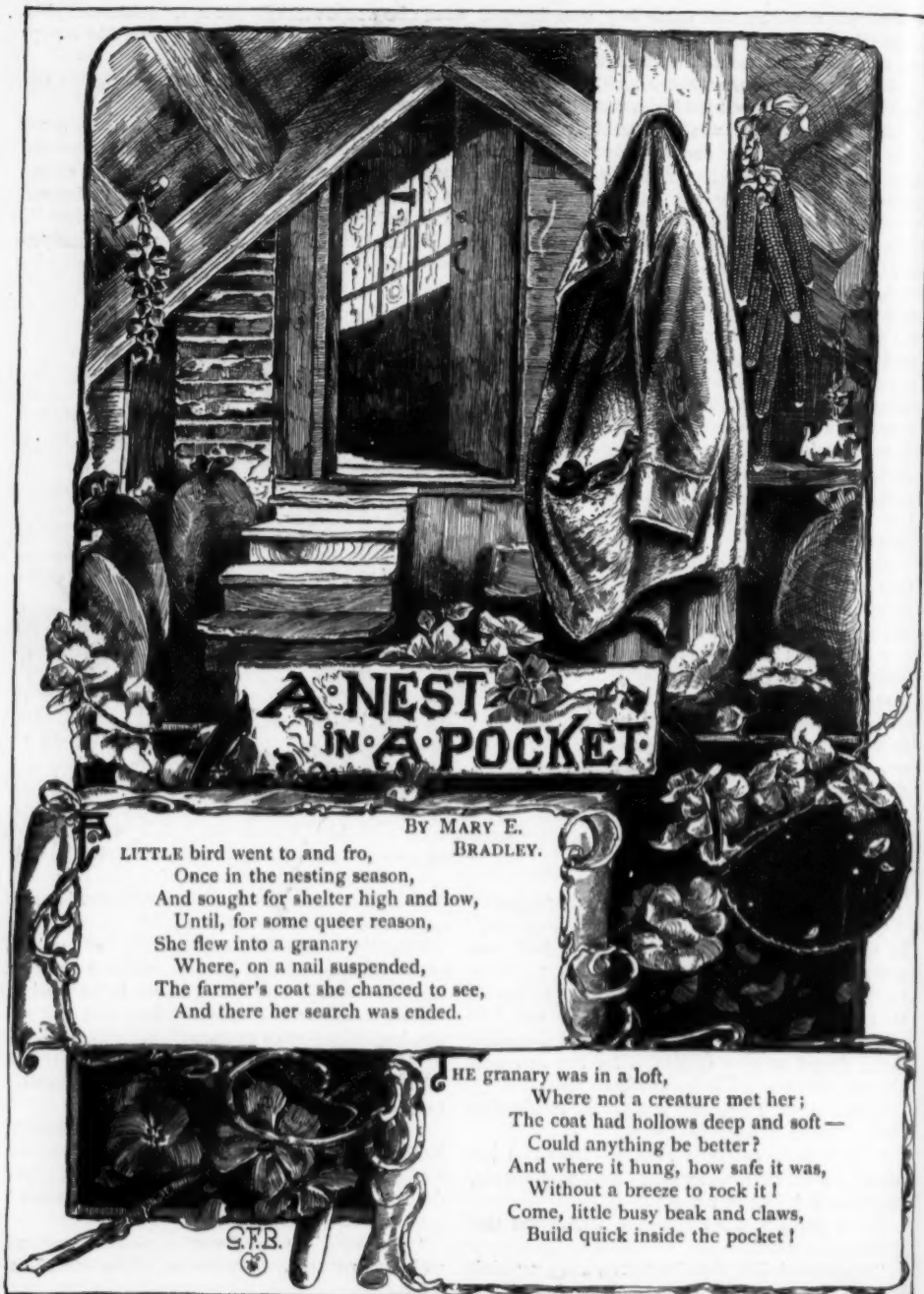
terday if I had the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance! Is he handsome?"

"Fiddlesticks! Don't be foolish, but just find out about him,—where he lives, whether he has a mother,—and please, Alf dear, see what kind of clothes he has; there's a good boy, and I'll tell you later why I want to know."

"All right! I'll send around my card, and ask for his name and the address of his tailor," he chuckled, as he took up his skate-bag.

"Oh, I'll tell you the name of his *tailor*!" Nellie answered, with a mysterious laugh, following her brother to the hall; "but don't dare darken this door again until you find out what I want to know."

"Oh, well, I won't forget to remember;" and with a merry click of his skates, Alf whistled himself out.



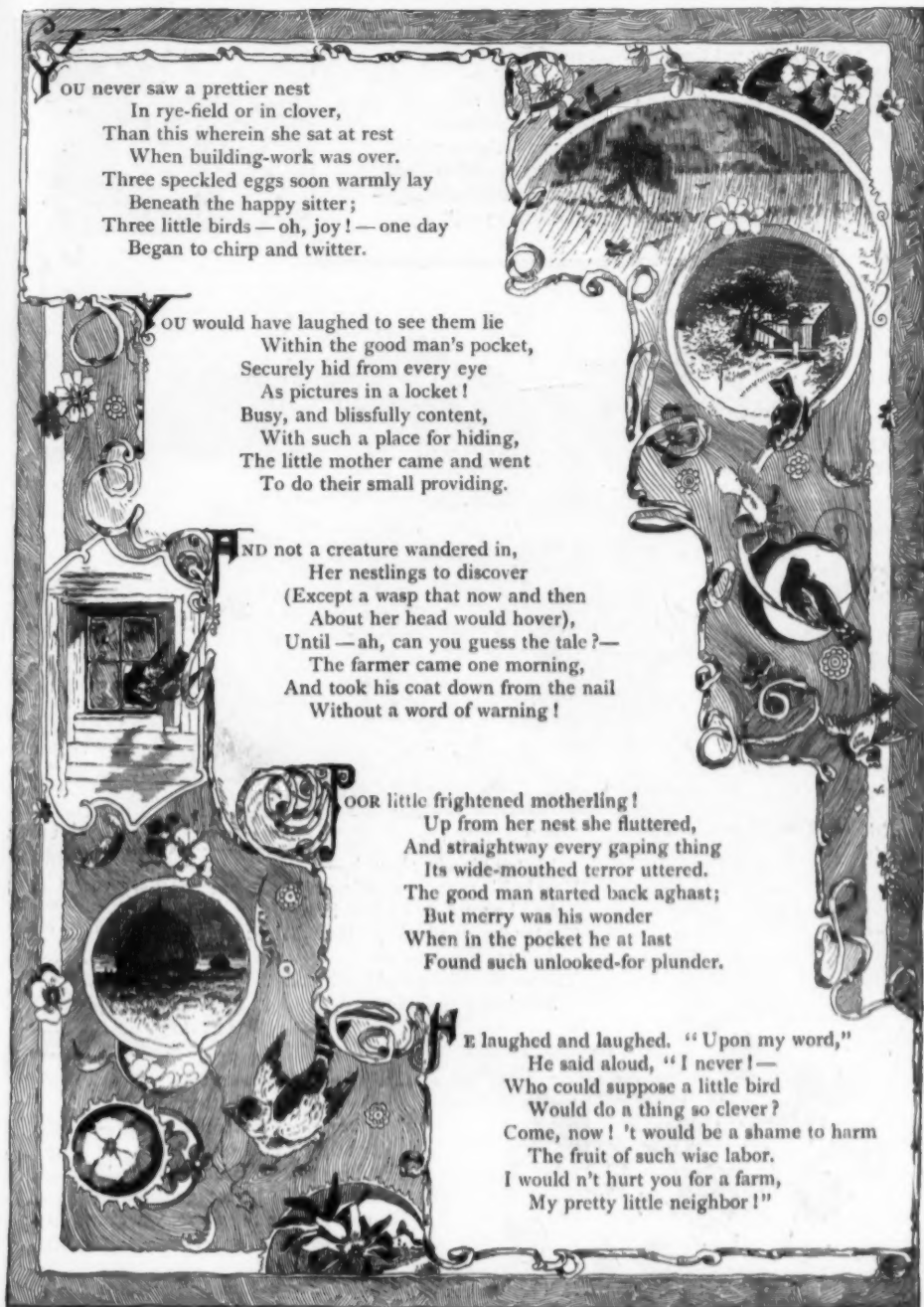
YOU never saw a prettier nest
 In rye-field or in clover,
 Than this wherein she sat at rest
 When building-work was over.
 Three speckled eggs soon warmly lay
 Beneath the happy sitter;
 Three little birds — oh, joy! — one day
 Began to chirp and twitter.

YOU would have laughed to see them lie
 Within the good man's pocket,
 Securely hid from every eye
 As pictures in a locket!
 Busy, and blissfully content,
 With such a place for hiding,
 The little mother came and went
 To do their small providing.

AND not a creature wandered in,
 Her nestlings to discover
 (Except a wasp that now and then
 About her head would hover),
 Until — ah, can you guess the tale? —
 The farmer came one morning,
 And took his coat down from the nail
 Without a word of warning!

POOR little frightened motherling!
 Up from her nest she fluttered,
 And straightway every gaping thing
 Its wide-mouthed terror uttered.
 The good man started back aghast;
 But merry was his wonder
 When in the pocket he at last
 Found such unlooked-for plunder.

HE laughed and laughed. "Upon my word,"
 He said aloud, "I never! —
 Who could suppose a little bird
 Would do a thing so clever?
 Come, now! 't would be a shame to harm
 The fruit of such wise labor.
 I would n't hurt you for a farm,
 My pretty little neighbor!"



HE put the coat back carefully :

" I guess I have another ;
So don't you be afraid of *me*,
You bright-eyed little mother.
I know just how you feel, poor thing,
For I have youngsters, bless you !
There—stop your foolish fluttering—
Nobody shall distress you."



THEN merrily he ran away

To tell his wife about it,—

How in his coat the nestling lay,

And he must do without it.

She laughed, and said she thought he could !

And so, all unmolested,

The mother-birdie and her brood

Safe in the pocket rested,

ILL all the little wings were set

In proper flying feather,

And then there was a nest to let—

For off they flocked together.

The farmer keeps it still to show,

And says that he 's the debtor ;

His coat is none the worse, you know,

While he 's—a little better.

THE MAGIC BUTTONS.

BY META G. ADAMS.

PAUL liked so much to visit Uncle Jack, because Uncle Jack was very fond of little Paul, and because the house where Uncle Jack lived had magic buttons. Not fine, smooth buttons on his coat, nor little, sparkling buttons on his shirt-front! No; buttons far more wonderful than those.

When Paul's stout little legs had carried him up the stoop, he could just manage to reach on, tip-toe, a little round white button on the side of the door that looked like half of a very shiny white marble. When the little finger-tip touched the shiny button, it pushed in and made a sound like a run-away clock. Immediately, the wide front door swung open, and Paul scampered in as fast as he could go, over the marble floor, to reach another door-way with another shiny ring-ing-button. Then that door also glided back, and Paul and his mamma entered a beautiful little bit of a room with a velvet-covered seat at one side of it. Then

quite still while they went up, as if he had nothing to do with their moving. Whether the fairies pulled above or the elves pushed from below, Paul could not guess, but he felt very sure it was all the work of the magic button.

When they had risen so high that Paul expected to step out on the moon, "the elevated man" touched



"THE HOUSE WHERE UNCLE JACK LIVED HAD MAGIC BUTTONS."

the whole room—with Mamma and Paul and a young man in a sort of uniform—went gliding swiftly up through the air. It was very delightful, but very strange, for "the elevated man" stood

a steel rope in one corner; the little room stopped with a jerk, and stepping out, Paul and his mamma found themselves in front of Uncle Jack's door, which was guarded by another delightful button.

It puzzled such a loud answer to his eager touch that Paul was sure it was glad he came.

Paul knew, too, that when Uncle Jack's door should open, he would reach a still more astonishing button. And the next moment he slipped in, and, sliding his hand hurriedly up the wall by the inside of the door, found the little white button, and shouted in a strong voice, as much like Uncle Jack's as possible, "Light!"

Instantly, over his head and across the hall by the parlor door, and away down at the end by the library, the beautiful lights flashed out like the bright sunshine he had left in the street. Could anything be more magical than that? By this time dear, jolly Uncle Jack knew who his visitor was, and was ready to show Paul all his magic buttons. Paul could tell any one who asked him about the

buttons, that they were worked by 'lectricity, but he did not know just how the wonderful work was done.

There was the button that lighted all the gas in a second without any matches; the button that called the cook from the kitchen; the little button that summoned the doctor if Uncle Jack was sick in the night; and the button that would bring the engines and firemen in five minutes if fire broke out. And there was even a tiny gold button on the rim of Uncle Jack's watch that would tell him the exact time any moment in the darkness.

It told Paul's mamma it was time to go home, but dear Aunt Sue insisted on pressing another little button in the wall, and in a few minutes a dainty dish of ice cream was set before the delighted boy. And Paul thought that button the finest of all.

THE GALLEY CAT

a tough little yarn



Will be spun in the January number of St. Nicholas.

SIR PEN'S LITTLE ARMY.



I know a little army,
Of little bits of men:
A very little army,
Commanded by Sir Pen.

They are only six-and-twenty,
But they drill exceeding well;
And, when they are not plenty,
They all begin to spell!

And spelling calls up others,
That help the first straightway,
— A lot of twins and brothers —
That make a great array.

But twenty-six the army
— Six-and-twenty only spell —
What is my little army?
Can any of you tell?

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.



I AM a new Jack, come to take the place of your own dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this time only. He has gone to talk with Santa Claus, and I am to read you his lessons and messages as well as I can.

First, I am to give Brother Jack's love to all you ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, and then I am to wish you a delightful December and a very merry

Christmas. All ordinary days, your Jack wishes me to say, come to us out of the gray dawn, ready to be whatever we choose to make them—sour days, sweet days, rough days, gentle days, busy days, lazy days, good days or bad days, as the case may be; but Christmas comes to us ready-made, and with a spirit of its own—the holiest, brightest day of all the year.

Another point I am requested to mention: All summer long, your Jack says, the birds have been sending songs into the spruces, cedars, firs, and other Christmas trees, and the sunlight has been gliding in and out among their branches, and soft breezes have been nudging and whispering to them, until at last there is n't an evergreen tree that is n't ready and anxious to do you good service if called upon; and every tree of them intends to keep itself green and trim for the occasion.

Also and thirdly, I have been requested to address a few words to you, my own self. But, really, I don't know what to say. I am so very young. It's hard to be a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, unless you grow up to be one, as your own Jack did. So all I can say, as I look about me, is, I'm glad to see you all here to-day—and is n't it nice to be alive? To be alive is the first thing. After that it is easy to be thankful, and after that, not so very hard to try to be good. Now, my chicks, as Jack says, look into this matter.

As we've been talking about trees, we may as well begin by reading these verses, sent you by your friend, Emilie Poulsson:

THE PINE-TREE'S SECRET.

SAID the Maple to the Pine,

"Don't you want a dress like mine,
Turning into gorgeous colors in September?"

"Well," replied the little Pine,

"I will own it 's very fine
While it lasts you;—but how is it in December?"

"I'm contented to be seen
In this handsome dress of green;
And to change it I don't see sufficient reason.

"But, dear Maple," said the Pine,
"Don't *you* want a dress like mine,
That will last and look as well in any season?"

"No, I thank you, little Pine,"
Said the Maple; "I decline,
Since for autumn reds and yellows I've a passion.

"Those green dresses look so strange
When the Oaks and Beeches change.
Why, I could n't bear to be so out of fashion!"

All right, Miss Maple; but if you knew what we know, you'd see why the pine has the best of it for not being in the fashion with you trees. Evergreens are in the height of the fashion with us boys and girls about this time of year.

But, my beloved hearers, I guess we're trying to know too much. For Deacon Green says that the maple-tree has a secret, too, and that a few months later she may be the belle of the season. Now, what does that mean? And he says, too, that the more sappy we are, the better we'll be able to guess. Now, what does *that* mean? I wish the Deacon would n't say quite such things as that, when there's nobody but me here to explain 'em to you.

The next branch of our subject, my hearers, is called

THE WEATHER COCK'S COMPLAINT.

and I should n't be surprised if the Deacon meant that it's better to be like the maple-tree than to be like this old weather-cock. Yet, the weather-cock does seem to have a hard time, and you can't help feeling rather sorry for the old fellow. Your friend Hugh Gibson sent you these verses about him, and your Jack asked me to be sure to show them to you.

No wonder he creaks as the winds go by,
No wonder he turns with a rusty sigh;
How would you like a living earning
By turning—turning—turning—turning?
Or to stand all your life with a pole for a base
And the winds of all weathers to blow in your face?

"Creak, creak, creak," we hear him say,
"To-morrow will be like yesterday,—
Now to the east, now to the west—
One never has any quiet or rest,
An hour of sunshine, another of rain,
It's nothing but turning and turning again."

"Creak, creak, creak," the tin bird cries,
"In just a few signs the secret lies;
When the wind's from the west, there's nothing to fear;
When the wind's from the east, a storm is near.
Can't every one tell when the day is clear
Without keeping me turning and twisting here?"

"Creak, creak, creak," the weather-cock growls,
"I think I'm the most ill-used of fowls;
I never foretold bad weather yet
But you went in while I got wet.
Say what you may, I don't think it's right
To keep me twisting from morning to night."

QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

YOU all know, of course, that rivers have "mouths" and "heads," and you all have heard of the "eye" of a needle, the "teeth" of a saw, and the "nose" of a watering-pot. But the Little Schoolma'am says that these are only the beginning of the list. She says a great many articles of furniture have "feet" and "legs," and some engines have "knees." Earthen jars have "ears" and "shoulders"; jugs and bottles have "necks" and "throats"; rain-spouts and stove-pipes have "elbows"; and grain-reapers have "fingers." Every boat has "ribs," and parks have been called the "lungs" of cities;—who can tell why? Peaches are said to have "cheeks," and every two-horse vehicle has a "tongue."

The Little Schoolma'am says that you can add to this list for yourselves, and that, if you think it out, and inquire of your elders, you will be astonished to find how many things in this world have the same names as parts of our active young bodies. And maybe, too, you'll find out why this is so.

GOOD-BYE, my hearers. Your own dear old Jack will be in his pulpit again next month.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE December and January numbers of ST. NICHOLAS may each be regarded as a Christmas issue; or, since the one precedes Christmas Day but a few weeks, and the other follows it immediately, they may be taken as together forming a double Christmas number. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's story of "A Fortunate Opening," and Mrs. Rose Lattimore Alling's account of "A Christmas Conspiracy,"

will therefore run through both numbers; and the January issue will contain several other Christmas features, including a short holiday story by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and a Christmas poem by Miss Edith Thomas. And as stated on page 150, the "tough little yarn" of "The Galley Cat"—a very amusing tale in verse—will also be "spun" in that number.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you, and my mamma reads the stories to me because I can not read yet. I am five years old, but Mamma says I may learn to read when I am seven. I wish I were seven now. But I know how to row a boat and to steer one, too, only not alone, but when Papa or Mamma is with me. My brother is twelve years old, and he can climb to the top of the mast, or go in a boat by himself. We live on a ship, and my papa is the captain. Sometimes the ship goes back and forth, sounding, to see how many fathoms deep the water is. My brother and I often take a long piece of string and play sound, too, when we are out in the straits. We tie one end of the string to his windmill, then a big nail to the other, and let the nail end go overboard. When it strikes the bottom, we pull it up to see what kind of bottom it is, sticky or sandy. Then we take angles like the officers. We have no little children to play with, because we sail away from the land, and besides, only Indian children live here in Alaska—except in Wrangell.

My mamma writes my letters for me, and I tell her what to say. We went one day on a little steamboat named "Lively," to see the Patterson Glacier. It is a big mountain of ice, and great pieces break off and float about on the water. We picked up a very large piece and brought it back to the ship and put some of it in the water-coolers. But the "Lively" was so slow we could not get up to the foot of the glacier. Instead of "Lively," the boat had better be named "Slowly," I should think, and we had to come back before we wanted to.

I caught a big halibut one day. The quartermaster pulled it up for me, because it was so large it would have pulled me overboard if I had tried to pull it in alone. It weighed sixty-seven pounds.

Did you ever see hundreds and hundreds of big salmon jumping up out of the water? I see them almost every day, and yesterday we saw one that tried to leap up a big waterfall thirty feet high; but it fell back into the water again.

There were wild deer tracks all along the beach, and one day, in Steamer Bay, we saw a big black bear eating wild cabbage-leaves on the beach. Mamma and I did not stay on shore alone much after that.

It rains most of the time in Alaska, and we do not have many pleasant days at all. We are going back to San Francisco soon.

Your little friend,

MABEL E. SNOW.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eleven years old living in Charleston, S. C., and I thought your young readers would like to know how some of us fared on the night of the earthquake. I went to bed that night at nine o'clock, and knew nothing of it until Mamma and my elder sister took my little brother and myself by the hand and led us to the head of the steps, and then Mamma sent us down with sister while she ran to the fourth story to get my old aunt and youngest sister. All the time the house was rocking so we could hardly keep our feet. Mamma and sister were thrown down twice before they got to our room. When we got down stairs we found the front door was so jammed that we could not open it; so we ran through the back door into the street, where the houses could not reach us if they had fallen any more. Our neighbors and servants soon came there, too. Papa and one of my sisters were on the way home from an evening call. They were in the street when the shock came. He says he first heard a rumbling noise and saw a light cloud coming rapidly to him, and then the earth began to roll around under his feet so that he had to cling to the fence to keep from being thrown down. If they had gone ten yards further they would have been crushed under a wall twenty feet high. As soon as Papa got my sister where we were, he took a lantern and went to a poor woman who was caught under the piazza which had fallen

from a neighbor's house. After working nearly a half hour, they got her out. Papa said she behaved like a soldier.

Of course we were very much scared, but after Mamma said a prayer for us, we felt God would take care of us. None of us made any fuss, not even the colored servants, who were as quiet as possible and did everything Mamma told them. As soon as the first shock was over, we saw a house on fire a short distance from us and another large fire a few squares off, and we thought the whole city would be burnt down; but the engines were soon at work, although they had much trouble to get out of their houses.

Nearly every house took fire from lamps that were upset, but the people, even women and children, stopped to put them out before they left the houses. We staid in the street until two o'clock, and then we went into the basement of our house and lay down on mattresses, but only the little children slept.

Please thank the good people who are sending us money, for we are very poor now, and it is very good of them to send it.

W. PARKER HOLMES.

I write so badly, I got Mamma to copy this for me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A month or two ago there appeared in a number of your magazine an article entitled, "Keeping the Cream of One's Reading." The process described there seemed so laborious that I thought I would describe my own method of doing the same thing. I think a book should be valued for the use we can make of it, and so I do not hesitate to mark mine. When I notice a paragraph or a sentence that seems to me noteworthy, I draw a pencil-line around it. In this way, when I glance at the book a second time, I know the best portions at once. If there is anything very important, I make a note on the margin to call attention to the fact. This is no trouble whatever: it can be done at any time or place; and now when paper-covered editions are flooding the land with the best publications, it seems to me that since they are within the reach of all, there is no necessity, as there might have been once, for the other toilsome method.

SUBSCRIBER.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine from the first (at least, my father has). I was not very old when he got the first numbers. We have them all bound, and they make a very fine set of books.

In the July number for 1883, I read an article on "How to Build a Catamaran," by W. L. Alden. I showed it to my friend David Knison. He said it was very good, but thought I was not old enough then to build one, and my folks thought so, too; but I thought different. Well, my father made me wait till this last winter, when he got some tools and let me go at it.

In looking back in my Journal for 1886, I find that I began to construct it on New Year's day, that I finished it on the 1st of May, got it ready for sea at the close of June, and have sailed in it all summer; so you can imagine what a fine vacation I have had.

In comparing my sketch with that of Mr. Alden's, you will find they differ somewhat; but you see I live at the head of Lake Superior, so I had to make her more "ready for sea."

This is the first boat I ever built, and I have discovered two things: the first is, that it is anything but an easy job; and the second, that if you "keep at it," and are very "exact in figuring," you will always come out all right.

Mr. Alden says: "There is no better boat to cruise in than such a catamaran. At night you anchor her, unship your mast, pitch your tent, and sleep safely and comfortably. If you come to a dam, you take the craft apart, and carry her around it piecemeal. If you once

try to build a catamaran, and succeed,—as you certainly will, if you have patience,—you will have the safest and most comfortable sail-boat in the world."

I have tried it myself, and find it is true.

FRED. W. JOHNSON.

TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and in summer we live in a cottage away up in the clouds, two miles above the sea-shore. There are mountains all around us, and a lake in front of us, and one behind us. There are woods on one side of each lake. High up on the mountains, where the trees stop growing, is called the timber-line; and above that there are little patches of snow all summer long. Now the trees are yellow and red, and the shadows in the lake are very beautiful. Two deer were killed in the lake last week, when they came down to drink.

Dick and I love to get the new St. NICHOLAS every month. Dick likes the "Brownies" the most.

Your devoted reader,

ETHEL V. W.

DELHI, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are so fond of you, that, this summer, when we made two books out of the leaves of an old day-book that were not written upon, we named them in honor of you, New St. Nicholas; and we are writing the best stories we can in them.

We think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best story we ever read, and are also very much interested in "The Kelp-Gatherers."

We remain, your interested readers,

ANNIE S. AND FLORENCE W.

NEAR PEKING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and I have taken you five years. I have three younger sisters, and we all like you very much. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Last summer we went to Mongolia for a few days, and we lived in tents; we slept on the ground, and when we got up in the morning it was as cold as if it were winter-time. Large herds of cows and oxen would be infected with curiosity, and crowd around the tents, when, suddenly, one of us would run at them with an open umbrella, and scare them away. There were, at that time, innumerable flowers on the hills, and in a marsh near us we found a beautiful little pearly-white flower.

There are some caves two or three miles north of Kalgan that were made by men; for, when we took some dirt off the bottom of the larger caves, we found a fine floor underneath. In one of the caves is a spring, which is a great convenience to us when we go up to picnic there. Papa found a stone ax on a mountain west of our house, by a mound like those he used to find in Ohio, when he was a boy. The ax is now at New York at the Metropolitan Art Museum.

Every year we go down to Peking in mule-litters, and we girls think it is great fun. The Chinese here say that a man's hair is round, and that a woman's hair is flat. I have tried rolling them between my fingers, and have found them so. Is it true? I hope my letter is not too long, for it would give me great pleasure to see it in the Letter-Box.

From your friend,

EMILY WILLIAMS.

P. S.—Mamma says I ought to tell you where I live. I live between China proper and Mongolia, north of Peking.

E. W.

ST. PETERSBURG, 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four or five years. We have lived here for more than a year. A few months ago I saw a letter from St. Petersburg, but that is about the only one I can remember having seen. The little girl who wrote it described the droskies. I will describe the sledges. The horse wears the same harness all the year round. The sledges are very short, being only long enough for a moderately comfortable seat for the passenger and a very small seat for the izvoschik (driver). The place where he puts his feet is so small that he has to put one outside. The sledges are very low compared with English and American sledges, and so short that the driver almost sits in the passenger's lap.

Now I must conclude my letter, for it will be too long for you to print, and I want you to print it very much, as it is the first letter I have ever written to any magazine.

From your constant reader,

WILLIE ROPER.

CHESTNUT HILL, 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose you know what a poor opinion many boys have of what girls can do in the way of outdoor sports. Well, last summer, we girls got up a cricket club and practiced every day, and at last we made arrangements to play the boys, and although we were beaten, we had the consolation of having the boys acknowledge that we could do something in the way of outdoor sports.

ELEANOR CUYLER PATTERSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy and I spent the summer in Switzerland. We staid some time at a little villa on the Lake of Lucerne. It is very beautiful there, the mountains are so grand. Southwest of us was the Pilatus, six thousand four hundred feet in height, which was very close to us. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the eldest of the family; I am twelve years old.

One of my cousins, who plays very well, went to Bayreuth with Papa, to hear the great performances of "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," which are played only every three years, and for which people come across the ocean.

I have taken you four years now and like you very much. Now, good-bye, dear St. NICHOLAS, and believe me to be your affectionate little friend and reader,

J. H. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you nearly a year. I like the "Brownies" best, and I think George Washington was just fine. My papa and I made a kite and flag like the one described in the July number. The flag hung over Main street and created quite a sensation on the morning of July 5th. Please print my letter, as it is my first. I am nine years old. I live in Elk Point, Dakota.

WALTER H. H.

BÔLE, CANTON DE NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you were so kind as to print the letter I wrote you from Pappenheim, Bavaria, last summer, it has given me courage to tell the readers of St. NICHOLAS a little about Suchard's great chocolate manufactory, near Neuchâtel, which we have just visited. We were first shown the large water-wheel which works all the machinery. From there we were taken to the room where the raw cocoa beans are kept in great pyramids from eight to ten feet high! We passed through several rooms where the beans were broken and shelled by machinery, while in another room they were sorted by a lot of women sitting at a long table. The cocoa was then passed through several grindings, cookings, and flavorings, after which it was molded into its final shapes. It was very interesting to watch the women wrap the chocolate; their fingers seemed to go like lightning, they went so fast; and it was wonderful to see the big cakes of chocolate piled up in room after room, as high as the ceiling. Each cake was about two feet long, one foot wide, and four inches thick, and it looked so good! The young man who showed us around made it very funny at the end by not only giving us as much chocolate as we could eat ourselves, but by stuffing his own pockets too. The manufactory is like a little village in itself, there are so many great buildings; some of them are connected by bridges on which are laid railroad tracks. These serve to run the cars on that carry the chocolate from one building to another.

I wish all your readers could be traveling, and seeing as much as I am, because I am having lots and lots of fun.

I remain, your loving reader, HARRY LYNDON DESFARD.

SAN RAFAEL, MARION CO., CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and I live in California. The other day my sisters and I were playing in a big bay tree, when I saw a little gray thing running about on the roots of a tree near by. I climbed down quickly, and ran over to where it was, and there I saw it was little baby wood-rat. I picked it up in my hands and called "Oh, guess what I've got," and the other children screamed and shouted, and got down from the tree as fast as they could, to see what I had. Then we ran up to the house with it, and showed it to Mamma, and begged her to let us keep it



for a pet. She said she thought it was a pretty little thing, but she did not like to have a wood-rat in the house, but she let us keep it for one night, and gave us a little wooden box to put it in. We put some cotton in the box for a bed, and gave him some pieces of apple to eat, and he nibbled a little bit, but he could not eat very much, he had such tiny teeth. Mamma told me to make a little sketch of him as he sat in the box; so I did, and here it is! I tried to make it just life-size. I can not draw very well yet, but I send it to you because I thought the little children in the East might like to see what a

wood-rat looks like, if it is good enough to be printed. The next day I brought it down to the place where I found it, and we left the box there, too, so if he did not find his mother he could creep into the cotton and get warm. When we went back afterward to look for it, the rat had gone, so we hoped he had found his mother, and we were glad we let him go.

Your little friend,

ELLEN G. EMMET.

NED M.—Yes: the name is a real one, and the gentleman lives in New York City.

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I like you ever so much. I live a quarter of a mile from the town, and as I have no little sisters or brothers to play with, you are a great deal of company for me. I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a very nice story, and I liked "His One Fault" ever so much, and was sorry when it ended.

The prairies here in the summer are beautiful. They are covered with flowers; there are golden-rod, phlox, violets, buttercups, anemones, pasque-flowers, red lilies, lady-slippers, asters, indigo-plant, and many others. Among the birds are bobolinks, robins, humming-birds, sparrows, killdeer, bee-birds, meadow-larks, and martins.

I have a horse that is twenty-four years old, a bird and a dog. Hoping that I may see this in print, I remain,

Your interested reader,

DAISY CLARE B.—

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you a very long time, long before I could read you; but Mamma read you to my sister and myself. We can hardly wait for you to come out every month.

I want to tell you about my darling little pony. He is a Shetland pony. Papa bought him for me at the New Orleans Exposition. He is very small, his name is Peek-a-boo. Peek-a-boo is very gentle now; but when I first got him, he had a way of going fast, and all at once stopping, and I kept on going—over his head, and landed on the ground. He likes figs very much, and he will eat nearly all kinds of fruit. My sister has an Indian pony; it is very pretty, but not so pretty as Peek-a-boo. Every afternoon we go riding, and sometimes we also go in the morning. Peek-a-boo is fond of music; sometimes I go out where he is eating grass and play the banjo to him; he comes up to me and smells my hand and rubs his nose against me, evidently quite pleased. He is so spoiled and petted that he is more like a big dog than a horse. He would even go into

the kitchen if cook would let him. I hope you will print my letter, as this is the first I have ever written to you.

Your little friend,

MARIE B.—

We regret that we can only acknowledge the pleasant letters sent to us by the following young friends:

Dot and Lottie, Edna Weil, "Peep-bo," Esther Watson, The Theatrical Trio, Lily W., Ettie Coombs, Harold G., "Bob," Edith, Ethel Cutts, Mabel Cutts, W. M., Lucy Eastman, Laurence C. F., Horace Macknight, A Reader, "Germaine and Muriel," Grace and Carrie L., Lulu, Clara J. Frayne, Eloise McElroy, "Sippie" Liddell, F. A. H., Jennie H. Henry, Clarence H. Robison, Nellie T. Bendon, Buttercup, Primrose and Pansy M., Mattie I. Brown, Florence A. H., Leonora B. Borden, Julie H., Nellie, Eugene Kell, L. D. W., Jennie M. Woodruff, Katherine M., Pearl Wheeler, Genevra Foster, Flora F. S., John Warren, Sadie Lewis, Annie M. Graves, Nellie Spurck, Nellie Montgomery, Nellie F. H., Aimée, A. P., Will J. Dever, Clara Whitmore B., Carrie Byrd, Lily and Violet B., Cheney Robertson, "Damon and Pythias," Edith W., Bessie Snodgrass, Clara Steele, Ransom Brackett, Arthur B. W., Ruth I. Henrick, Algernon, Lizzie A. Prioleau, Helen, Fred. J. Nicholas, "Mayflower," "Sachem," Rachel, Jennie Snodgrass, Sarah Jenkins, Ida Scott, C. B. S., Jr., Alice Ham, Florence Day, Louise A., Bessie C., Nellie M. Ingraham, Eva Campbell, Willie Holt, Lena and Alna, Clarence, Minna and Pansy, Sarah Hunter Mustin, Heebie Q. W., Lilly W., Tommy D. W., Charity L. W., David Tenney, Bertha Lockwood, Nan and Bert, Jessie Walton, Maude Cullen, Ellie A. Newhall, Susie P. Newhall, M. T. M., Jerald and Sue, Harry F., Ida H. Doeg, Edith M. Hadley, M. R. S., I. W. Ward, Edith P., A. R. Porter, M. F. D. and A. M. S., Freddie Adickes, Florence, Lillian and Pearl Sturtevant, Johnnie Culkin, Ella, Jack H., Beryl E. Engel, Mabel J., Polly S. and Alice M., Margaret B. M., Mabel Gilbert, Edna Howard, Gladys Davenport, Lila Langford, A. E. Jack, Three Little Maids, Florence Langton, Dolly Frankenfeld, A. A. C., Louie B., May G. M., Bessie C., John H. McClellan, Leo P., Elsie Beth Dunn, Mamie Biddle, Otis S., Marion Knight, Bessie Haight, Alfred Dawson, F. S. K., and Bessie Lewis.



PLEASANT WORDS FROM ENGLAND.

A LETTER announcing the organization of Chapter 975, London, closes as follows: "It may interest you to know that four of the members (those bearing the name Francillon) belong to an English branch of a family which, in Switzerland, has been closely connected with the family of Agassiz, whose sister was Mme. Francillon."

HOW TO OBSERVE SNOW-CRYSTALS.

A. E. WARREN, Sec. of 742, Jefferson, Ohio, says: "The best way to sketch them, according to my experience, is to catch them on a piece of cold looking-glass. Then, with an inch lens, their forms can be made out more easily than when caught on cloth."

MICA FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

[The following hint from Mr. Chas. E. Brown, of our flourishing Vermont, Nova Scotia, Chapter, will be of service to our younger members. For fine work, mica is too soft to be useful, besides possessing undesirable optical properties. It was formerly used to some extent, but has been superseded by glass.] "I use thin sheets of mica to cover objects to be mounted. It is nearly as flexible as paper, may be readily cut with scissors, and stands wear very well. As I have never seen, in any work on the microscope, a method so simple and yet so practical, give it, if you approve, to the members of the A. A."

WHO CAN TELL?

MR. CONGRESSMAN MACY, one of our most earnest members in New York City, asks: "Do bumble-bees prey upon spiders? I have

been watching a certain kind of brown spider. In two instances, a bumble-bee flew into the web and struggled for a moment, but as soon as the spider attacked it, the bee flew off, carrying the spider, I thought, in its legs."

THE COURSES OF STUDY.

THE subject of a course of study in Marine Zoölogy has unexpectedly resolved itself into an interesting question regarding the right of a certain institution to furnish alcohol for the preservation of specimens designed for use outside the State. This question will soon be decided. Prof. Crosby is preparing the specimens, etc., for his second course in Mineralogy, and will soon be ready for work.

By the way, I can not resist giving a short extract from a letter from a Georgia boy—to illustrate the want which is supplied by these courses:

"We need a small fund, the interest of which may be used to enable those who need help to avail themselves of the lessons. Even the very slight expense for specimens and books, which now attends our courses of study, is enough to exclude some of those who would be most benefited by them."

"I am very anxious to take up some scientific course of study. I am quite poor and can not afford an expensive course. If it is possible that I might pay for the course by copying, writing, or in any way, I would be very glad to do it."

SCHOOL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN SWITZERLAND.

MISS MARGARET KENDAL GRIMSTON, a member of one of our London, England, Chapters, having mentioned seeing a group of Swiss boys off for a scientific excursion, sends the following in response to a request for particulars:

"I should say they were from different schools, as they came in three detachments, and each detachment had one or two teachers. Almost all carried botany-boxes and butterfly-nets. They appeared very enthusiastic. The boys were of all ages, mostly ranging from about twelve to sixteen. I noticed they were something in their hats, but whether a badge of any sort, I do not know. A gentleman told me they were going to spend the whole day in the woods. He also told me they made many botanizing and scientific excursions about that time of the year."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

HERE comes a report, due last month, but delayed for cause, as you may see:

687, *Adrian, Mich. (A)*. The reason of delay is, that I have been waiting to find out what success we had at the county fair. Our success was complete. We occupied one whole cottage (18x24 feet). Although it was a huge job to fix the whole building up, we did it, and had a very fine exhibit. We had a collection of stuffed birds, a collection of Indian relics, and a collection in geology and mineralogy. We had to compete against the fine collection of the Adrian College. We took first premium on general collection, three other first premiums, and two second premiums. In all, they amounted to \$18.00. We have purchased matting for our rooms, and expect to be in shape to receive visitors very soon.

We have a large aquarium in running order. We do not wish to brag, but not long ago one of the most prominent State entomologists said that we had one of the finest collections in entomology in the State. We received the report of General Assembly, and read it with great interest.—Edw. J. Sebbins, Sec.

REPORTS FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY—701-800.

705, *Philadelphia (Y)*. The right spirit.—Part of the summer has been devoted to botany. I have a small cabinet, containing thirty-seven minerals, some shells and curiosities, labeled and catalogued, and have become much interested in mineralogy. I am just now sustaining the Chapter alone, but am looking forward to being joined by some interested persons, and am by no means discouraged.—Edith Earpe.

711, *Glen Falls (A)*. A model report.—Our Chapter enters upon the third year of its existence, sound in organization and earnest and enthusiastic in spirit. Sixteen regular meetings have been held, at which numerous papers were read, and "talks" given upon natural history subjects, selections read, specimens reported upon, etc.

Under the management of a committee, the Chapter room has been gradually made pleasant and more convenient. A "science reading-table" has been started, and upon it may be found, by Chapter members and their friends, the current numbers of several leading scientific periodicals. A quarterly publication, called the "Owl" has been issued, specimen and exchange copies of which will gladly be sent to other Chapters upon request.

Agassiz's birthday was duly observed by a formal meeting in the afternoon, at which time Dr. Lintner, New York State Entomologist, and several Glen Falls gentlemen made addresses, after which a festival was held. A delightful walk with Dr. Lintner, the next day, May 20th, is looked back upon by the Chapter with pleasant thoughts. We number, at present, nineteen active and six honorary members.—Edw. R. Wait, Sec.

719, *Philadelphia (A)*. A good one.—This Chapter, although

comparatively new, promises to be a good one. The Chapter was formed early in June, 1886, with four members. The membership increased to seven in one week. We have no initiation fees, nor any fines. Botany was our subject for the summer, and we had two essays read at each meeting, each on a different flower. Two of us are arranging an herbarium for the Chapter. We intend to study geology in the winter and botany in the summer. We have a very nice cabinet of rocks, minerals, and marine curiosities; also some very handsome fossils.—Herbert L. Evans, Sec.

728, *Binghamton, N. Y. Perseverance wins.*—For us the past year has been full of discouragements. At the beginning of the year, we had seven active members, and had secured a room in the Y. M. C. A. building, free of charge. Thus equipped, we felt ready for work in earnest. But one evening our president and treasurer both left us, and we found affairs very unsettled. This discouraged us so much that two others nearly left. Then it was vacation, and we separated for the summer. On our opening this fall, we did some hard thinking. At our last meeting, we admitted one new member. We have also decided to send to Philadelphia for a good microscope. One of our number claims to have discovered that on butterflies there are differently shaped scales for each different color.—Chas. F. Hotchkiss, Sec.

733, *Detroit (D)*. Bravo, Detroit!—Our Chapter was organized November 7, 1884, with five active members. We then had a very small room, and a cabinet. Most of us had been collecting minerals before this, and we spent the next two months studying, classifying, and arranging our specimens. We then decided to take a course in ornithology, and under a teacher we studied all that winter and spring, meeting on every Saturday evening, and having lectures every alternate meeting, and at the other meeting we would have discussions on the previous lecture. In June, 1885, we adjourned for the summer. Those who went away collected specimens, and those of us who staid at home worked in another direction, that of widening the circle of people interested in our work; and we succeeded so well that when we reorganized in September, we had on our list of honorary members some of the most prominent men in the city, and a suite of large rooms, nicely furnished and hung with pictures, and about two hundred books in our library. In fact, we had a new stimulus, and things looked very bright. We had been paying ten cents a month during the summer, and with no expenses our fund grew so that we were able to decorate the room. We also received a present of a beautiful microscope. We began the winter with a series of debates on the usefulness of certain birds; and I wish to recommend this to other Chapters, as it stimulates a spirit of friendly rivalry, and a person will read more on a subject to conquer his opponent than he otherwise would in a month. Some of our members asked for something a little livelier about this time, and so we organized a secret society called the E. A. A., which met once a month after our regular meeting. This did not interfere with our work, and gave us a little fun mixed in with it. It was decided to celebrate Christmas in a becoming manner, which we did, with a banquet and speeches and a reception by the club. In January it was decided to ask some of our honorary members to deliver lectures to the club, and a great number kindly consented. They were very interesting, although not all relating to natural history. This is the list:

Judge Jennison, cuneiforms; Rev. R. W. Clark, geology; Dr. J. F. Noyes, eyes, with dissections; Dr. Chittick, surveying; D. O. Paige, safes and locks; Judge Reilly, the right of property; Mr. Lewis Allen, Pasteur and his work; Dr. G. P. Andrews, whales and whale-fishing; Rev. J. N. Blanchard, books and reading.

We made excursions to a suburban farm, once a month, to study from nature, and enjoyed them very much. We also celebrated Agassiz's birthday. This year the arch-enemy to the A. A.—college—will force us to part, temporarily, but we hope to come together in college next year, so please don't scratch us off; for as long as two members are in one city, the honor of 733, now the oldest and most widely known Chapter in Detroit, will be upheld, and we all look back upon the last two years as containing some of the happiest Saturday evenings of our lives.—Edw. H. Smith.

741, *Meadville, Pa. Good!*—We have just come home from a camping and collecting expedition. We have been gone most of the summer. We had a very pleasant and profitable time, collecting several thousand insects for our cabinet. Our Chapter is in a very flourishing condition, having now fifteen members active, two honorary, and three corresponding. We have quite a library, and a very fine collection of insects, minerals, birds' eggs, and flowers. We hold a meeting every other week, when an essay is read and discussed.—Ward M. Sackett, Sec.

743, *Detroit (F)*. A good plan.—Our membership is seventeen. We have adopted the following plan of study for 1886-7:

I. Zoölogy.—a, Mammals; b, Birds; c, Reptiles; d, Fish; e, Insects; f, Worms; g, Mollusks; h, Echinoderms. II. Botany.—a, Palm-trees; b, Garden and Fruit trees; c, Shrubbery; d, Herbs; e, Grasses. III. Minerals.—a, Earth and Stone; b, Salts; c, Metals; d, Combustible Minerals.—Kate Rand, Sec.

747, *Lexington, Illinois. Concise and to the point.*—Our Chapter, though small, is progressing finely, and deriving a great deal of profit from its meetings. We have a cabinet, 240 specimens, and a library of 104 magazines and books. We are especially interested in Mineralogy, and would be pleased to hear from Chapters interested in the same.—W. B. Merrill, Sec.

753, Springfield, Mass. "They are workers!"—We can muster only four active members, but they are workers. During the past year, we have collected nearly two hundred different geological specimens, some of which are rare. On the west side of our room, above the entrance door, is a mounted deer's head from the Northwest. Above this is a picture surrounded by Spanish moss, and below is a bow and arrow from the South Sea Islands. At the right hangs a mirror, below which is a gun and powder-horn used in the Revolution, and on the floor is a knapsack used in the Civil War. Next to this is a cabinet of miscellaneous specimens, and on top a shelf of books. At the right of this is a shelf of iron and quartz specimens. On the east side is a large frame containing Confederate bonds and notes, and below is a shelf of marine specimens. Next to this comes a buffalo-horn, from which is suspended a small cabinet of minerals. On the north side is a shelf containing Professor Crosby's mineral collection, and in the middle of the north side is an alcove in which is the secretary's desk and six shelves of minerals. On the west side is a table of miscellaneous curiosities, and next to this is a closet used for storing duplicates. Between the closet and the entrance is a small black-walnut cabinet of coins, etc.—Harry Wright.

760, Jamaica Plain, Mass. "It is not without success."—This Chapter was formed in December, 1884. The founder was out of school, on account of sickness, and read the reports of the A. A. in back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS. He interested three others in the subject, and we held our first meeting, December 22, 1884. In April, 1885, a small house was lent to us by a lady. On the evening of December 21, 1885, we held a meeting in celebration of our first anniversary. Many of our friends were present. On New-Year's Eve we had a club supper.

On May 28, 1886, we held a meeting in commemoration of Agassiz, to which about thirty of our friends came.

A pleasing and instructive feature of our club work has been our field-meetings. We have visited all the suburbs of Boston, and went to Fitchburg with a party from the Institute of Technology. The president and myself went to Mt. Desert, Me., this summer, and got many minerals and rocks.

We meet on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. The Chapter is divided into two parts: one for the study of Botany, the other of Mineralogy. They meet on the first and third Thursdays and Fridays of each month. Some members are conducting courses of lectures on different subjects. We do our best and hope that it is not without success.—C. S. Greene, Sec.

766, Allegheny, Pa. (A) is at work bright and early. We all feel happy to get back into harness, after vacation.

We held our first meeting for the year last night, and I am sure if you could have seen the bright, eager faces in our club-room, you would have felt fully repaid for your noble efforts for the A. A.

For the winter we have laid out a great plan of work, which, if carried through, will be of more benefit to us than all our previous three years' study.

One of our most able workers is Prof. John T. Daniels. He is our guide, and when we are in any difficulty, upon application to him all the kinks are sure to be straightened out. His interest in "his boys," as he calls us, is only bounded by our affection for him, and should I write this report without making special mention of his noble and self-sacrificing endeavors, I should feel as if I were doing him an injustice.

The plan of work we have laid out for the coming year consists of essays, original compositions, and lectures by the members. We had a great deal of discussion as to whether it were best to take up but two studies and have all the members study them, or let each one study what suited him best, and at last decided (and I think wisely) on the latter. We are almost all specialists, and I think will all progress well in our own particular lines.

In the past year we have worked hard, and have profited by our work. In the year to come we intend to work harder than ever, and, if possible, profit more. The only thing we have to regret is that in this city our society is not as well known as it should be. For the purpose of spreading our name more, we intend to begin the editing of a department in a paper that is circulated among the school children here.

If I do not close soon, my long report will weary you; so with an earnest invitation to other Chapters to correspond with us, I remain, yours sincerely, Fred L. Long, Sec., 24 Sixth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

770, N. Y. (T). Very gratifying.—I am now in the country, and have met two other members of the A. A. We have been collecting crinoid stems. We find it very difficult to get them out whole. We have been taking Prof. Crosby's course, and found it very interesting. We have eight members and are succeeding very well.—Fredrick W. Douglas.

776, Oakland, Cal.—The Chapter has derived much benefit from correspondence with other Chapters. We prepare, for each meeting, a paper called "Agassiz Notes," containing a report of the various

meetings of the Chapter. Occasionally, we hold outdoor meetings, which always prove interesting and profitable.—S. R. Wood, Sec.

787, Elizabeth, N. J. (A). We have collected a great deal and are still collecting. We have a collection of all the rocks and the few minerals that are found around here, besides many that are not. At one time there were twenty-nine robins' nests, with eggs in, just around the house. Blackbirds are also plentiful here, building sometimes three nests in the same tree, at different heights, but generally about five feet apart, and yet seldom fighting.—Roy Hopping.

789, Kioto, Japan. Do they sing in winter?—Will some of our English members tell us whether the skylark sings in the winter in England or not?

Two of us happened to go through the city park the day after Christmas, some ten or fifteen minutes apart, and both heard and saw a lark. The one I heard went through a variety of changes, but did not continue singing so long as the bird usually does in the mating season.

Mrs. Piatt has a poem in one of the October, 1885, numbers of the Independent on "Meeting a Skylark in Autumn," but she does not seem to have heard it sing; indeed, the burden of her song seems to be that the lark she met was silent, or at most gave only the chirp the bird usually gives when flushed.

The larks here stopped singing in July, for the most part, but an occasional song was heard in the fall.—C. M. Cady.

794, Flemington, N. J. Ask him to resign.—We have made very little progress during the past two months, with what opposition by people who think it a waste of time, and a member who is objected to by the parents of others, on the ground that he swears and smokes a great deal, which, I am sorry to say, is true.

We thought of dissolving and then reorganizing, without including him. What would you advise us to do, under the circumstances?

I have a pair of flying squirrels which, I find, can not change their course of flight. If any obstruction is held before them immediately after their start, they sail into it, unless they drop before reaching it.—H. E. Deats, Sec.

EXCELLENT and gratifying reports are received also from Chapters 706, 708, 710, 714, 716, 718, 725, 727, 737, 739, 742, 746, 749, 756, 761, 762, 764, 769-770, 778, 783, 784, and 788—but as our limits forbid the publication of all the reports, we have printed only those which have conformed to our rules regarding length, etc., and those which have been sent in punctually at the appointed time. Secretaries of Chapters 1-100 will kindly forward their reports at any time before January 6th,—the earlier the better. Do not exceed two pages of commercial note-paper.

EXCHANGES.

DICTYOPHYTONS, a very rare fossil, and fossil shells, for minerals.—Percy C. Meserve, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Calcite, crinoid stems, fossil shells, and fossil coral, for minerals or fossils. All specimens are good.—C. E. Boardman, Marshalltown, Iowa, Box 1888.

Fine classified specimens of *Coloptera* and *Lepidoptera*, for same. Also *Hymenoptera* (undetermined), for *Lepidoptera* and *Coloptera*. Correspondence solicited.—Ward M. Sackett, Sec. Chapter 741, Meadville, Pa.

Papa of Angulifera, Imperialia, lo, Luna, etc., and of foreign moths and butterflies, for those of *Regalia, Maia*, and other rare insects. Correspondence requested with some one who rears *Regalia*.—James L. Mitchell, Jr., Box 58, Bloomington, Ind.

Large specimens of minerals and insects, for same. Indian relics also desired.—Ezra R. Larned, 50 Twenty-fourth street, Chicago, Illinois.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
410	Shelbyville, Illinois.	(A) 4.	Benjamin A. Cottlow, Box 635.
259	Chicago, Illinois (F)	Has joined Ch. 157, Chicago (E).
6	Mt. Washington, Md. (A)	6.	Miss A. V. Crenshaw, Box 56.
242	Philadelphia, Pa. (I)	4.	P. P. Calvert, Room 7, 350 Walnut Street.

DISSOLVED.

955	Ridgefield, Conn.	3.	Roger C. Adams.
751	Plymouth, N. H.	W. P. LaCé.

All are invited to join the Association.
Address all communications for this department to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOIDS. I. Across: 1. Taper. 2. Saber. 3. Tenor. 4. Never. 5. Wedge. II. Across: 1. Clasp. 2. Ocean. 3. Tried. 4. Ennue. 5. Stems. — CHARADE. Base-ball.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Oliver Cromwell. 2. James Garfield. 3. Napoleon Bonaparte. 4. Benjamin Franklin. 5. William Pitt. 6. Thomas Jefferson. 7. Abraham Lincoln. 8. Christopher Columbus.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Minnesota. Cross-words: 1. Manchester. 2. Indiana. 3. Nevada. 4. Nicaragua. 5. Euphrates. 6. Singapore. 7. Ohio. 8. Texas. 9. Amazon.

PI. Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. As-cent. 2. As-kant. 3. As-lope. 4. As-sail. 5. As-sent. 6. As-sign. 7. As-set. 8. As-size. 9. As-sort. 10. As-sure. 11. As-term. 12. As-tray.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. C. 2. Boa. 3. Alack. 4. Aniline. 5. President. 6. Catties. 7. Reits. 8. Roy. 9. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Maud E. Palmer — Paul Reese — Maggie T. Turrill — E. C. T. and N. K. T. — John — Grandpa and Sharley — San Anselmo Valley — Francis W. Isip — Nellie and Reggie — The Spencers — W. R. M. — Two Cousins — "N. O. Tary" — C. and H. Condit — Edith McDonald.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Tad, 1 — N. L. H., 2 — Westboro Jo, 11 — M. Sherwood, 7 — Aloha, 4 — Watermelon Days, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 10 — Tell, 1 — Normie, 1 — F. Jarman, 1 — E. A. R., 7 — Beth, 12 — Primary, 1 — "Waterbury," 11 — J. S. L., 3 — Florence A. F. and Bessie S. P., 12 — Ben Zeene, 3 — Sallie L. and Johnny C., 8 — Jo and I, 9 — R. L., 1 — Jet, 6 — Arthur and Bertie K., 8 — Arthur G. Lewis, 12 — Agricola, 12 — L. M. B., 10 — Daisy and Mabel, 10 — "Original Puzzle Club," 9 — St. Autys, 10.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THE above illustration shows an author and nine of his works. What are they?

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD what is often on the breakfast-table, and leave a bundle of paper. 2. Behead a fruit, and leave active. 3. Behead to fre-

quency. 4. Behead singly, and leave retired. 5. Behead a verb, and leave to wash. 6. Behead a young branch, and leave the cry of an owl. 7. Behead an occurrence, and leave to utter. 8. Behead to draw along the ground, and leave to scoff.

THE beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

"HIGHWOOD."

PI.

UARRHH off heart misstarch!
Grin lal eth ymer slieb,
Nda grinb het deargrinn lal dauner
Ot rhea eht alte eh slet.

F. A. W.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To tinge. 2. A fruit. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. Public. 5. Lenses.

II. 1. A heathen. 2. Unextinguished. 3. Scoffs. 4. To turn away. 5. Abodes.

III. 1. Informed. 2. A thin cake. 3. Succeeding. 4. A bird. 5. Blundered.

"PHIL C. SOPHER."

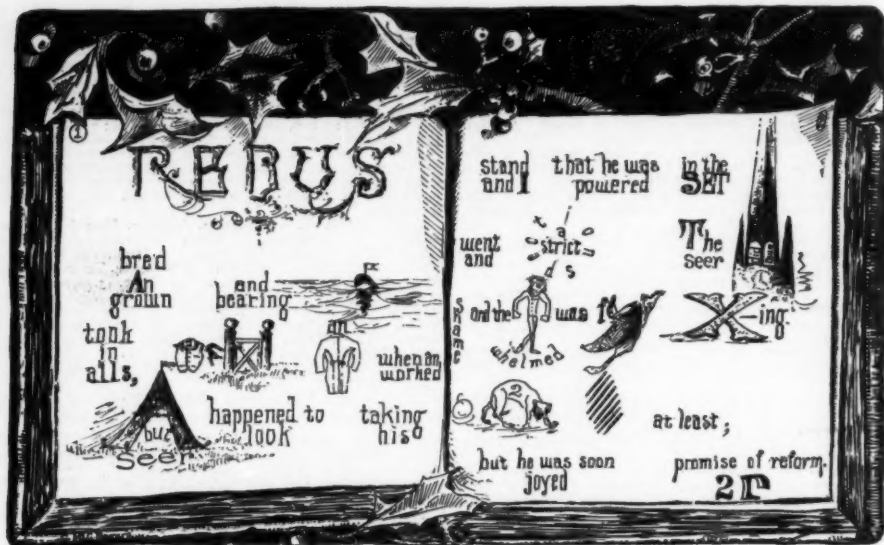
A BIRD-CAGE.



ACROSS: 1. In whip-poor-will. 2. A brilliantly colored bird, with harsh note, common in Europe and America. 3. A wading bird, remarkable for its peculiar flight, found in the United States. 4. A small, slender hawk, of reddish fawn color, spotted with white and black, and common all over the world. 5. A rascally bird, having feathered feet and a short bill, and highly prized for food. 6. A web-footed water-fowl, remarkable for its enormous bill, found about the Mediterranean. 7. Sea-fowls, commonly called "boobies." 8. A web-footed marine bird, unable to fly, found only in the South temperate and frigid regions. 9. A genus of birds, including the sun-bird, or honey-sucker.

The central letters, reading downward, spell the name of a grouse-like bird, of a gray color, mottled with brown, found in Europe, Siberia, and North Africa.

"L. L. L. REGNI."



WHEN the above rebus has been rightly deciphered, a very affecting little story will be found as the answer.

W. S. R.

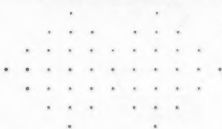
STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, loose gravel and pebbles on shores or coasts; from 1 to 3, a small plate or boss of shining metal; from 2 to 3, a mark indicating a question; from 4 to 5, a freebooter; from 4 to 6, a plant used in dyeing and coloring; from 5 to 6, to turn aside from the right path.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

CROWDED DIAMONDS.



LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. A numeral. 2. A covering. 3. A mark in printing. 4. A Brazilian parrot. 5. A species of hickory, and its fruit. 6. To convert into leather. 7. In twine.
RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. A numeral. 2. A color. 3. Harmonized. 4. A vessel carried by soldiers. 5. Indigent. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In twine.
"ROSE MADDER."

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. PRIMALS, a keeper; finals, scarcity. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Uncivilized. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A girl's name. 4. An agent. 5. To issue. 6. Precipitate.
II. PRIMALS, a filament; finals, a sliding box. CROSS-WORDS: 1. To watch. 2. White with age. 3. A cape on the coast of Portugal. 4. An old word meaning plenty. 5. Pain. 6. A graceful quadruped.

stand and that he was powered in the set
went and strict The Seer
on the was to X-ing
but he was soon joyed at least, promise of reform.
2P

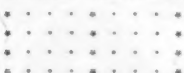
III. PRIMALS, recompense; finals, aversion. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A plant that grows in wet ground. 2. A volcano. 3. To wither. 4. To declare. 5. To demolish. 6. Achievement.
The cross-words in all the foregoing acrostics are of equal length. The letters which form the primals and finals may all be found in the word WEATHERED.

DYVIE.

PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. In tongs. 2. A step. 3. Stoppers. 4. A low, oven-shaped mound. 5. Trading. 6. Trees suitable for timber.
DOWNWARD: 1. In tongs. 2. Twice. 3. A kind of meat. 4. An ornament in a building. 5. The government of the Turkish Empire. 6. To gather for preservation. 7. Part of a costume. 8. To agitate. 9. A unit. 10. Two-thirds of an era. 11. In tongs. "NAVAJO."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.



I. Across: 1. A meeting held by law-pupils, for the purpose of trying imaginary cases. 2. Profitable. 3. A glutton. 4. Design. PRIMALS, philosophers of the east; centrals, a clique; finals, the sea-swallow. PRIMALS, centrals, and finals combined, an optical instrument and toy, invented by Athanasius Kircher.
II. Across: 1. Richer. 2. A domestic manager. 3. Tending to provoke. 4. Pure. PRIMALS, the smallest particle imaginable; centrals, a pavilion; finals, small Portuguese coins. PRIMALS, centrals, and finals combined, trees of a certain kind.

F. L. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred letters, and form a four-line stanza by W. R. Spencer.
My 93-26-47-76-17 is a Christmas decoration. My 40-56-31-8-20 is found in barns. My 66-53-98-86 is celebrity. My 40-12-75-20 is a loud sound. My 72-68-3 is sometimes on the breakfast table. My 24-84-61-37-29 is being manufactured all summer. My 38-14-43-88-15 is what usually follows a chill. My 21-64-58-32-82 is a circular frame, turning on an axle. My 62-45-60-34-78 is an apparition. My 1-18-90-70-31-5 is to traffic. My 71-94-2-10-28-32-100 is a lattice-work for supporting plants. My 97-36-73-85 is a pronoun. My 41-44-91-96-23 is an appointment to meet. My 6-15-20 is a color. My 4-81-48 is a snake-like fish. My 92-46-10-77 is to summon. My 58-44-11-74-5-30 is a small stone. My 25-79-33-35-95-27-67 is unfriendly. My 87-65-50-89-7 83-57-16-42-69-63-13-99-59 is a greeting to all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

19.

x.
er.
h.
he
w,
4.
sh
8.

of
n.
se
al
g
;
n-

of
o
o
n.
-
a
-
a
y
-
s
-
i.

